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Vol. 16 No. 4 75p

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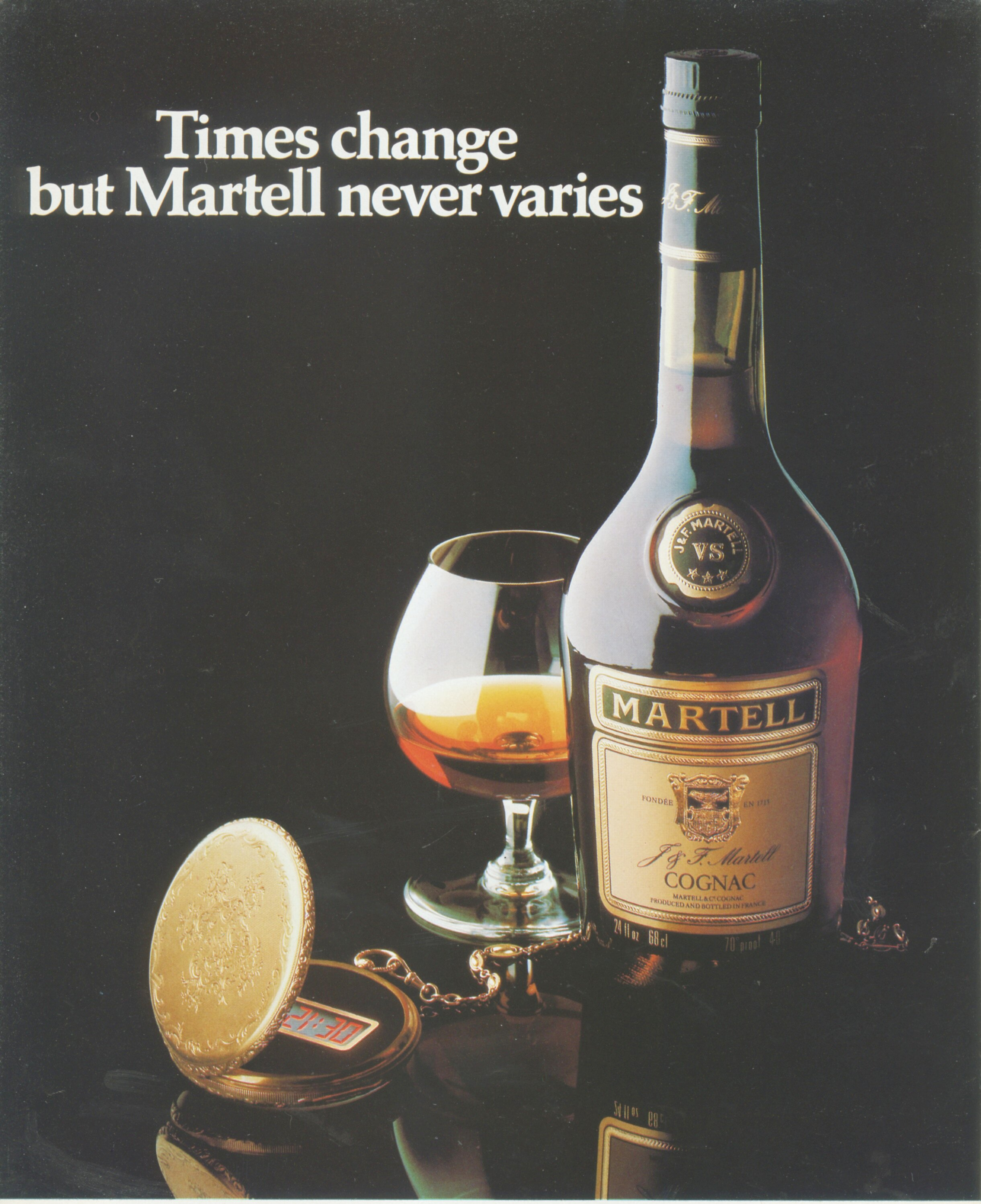
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Vol. 16 No. 4

ABC net paid circulation 389,889

Pippa's so pleasing, page 52. The Lotus power, page 62

CONTENTS

SPECIAL FEATURES

			page
A Mysterious Train Crash:	Why did the Shrewsbury express leave the tracks?	*David Dennis*	36
Connie:	Our alley cat is bowled over and pinned down	*Brian Forbes*	110

GIRLS

Sylvia:	A recording studio girl goes photographic	*Ed Alexander*	28
Eva:	This girl likes dressing up, and dressing down	*John Allum*	40
Pippa:	Your favourite Mirrorbird poses	*Donald Milne*	52
Georgie:	Our practical joker smiles for you	*Ed Alexander*	70
Corrine:	A French pianist demonstrates her light touch	*Roy Brewington*	84
Diane:	We uncover our cover girl	*Donald Milne*	100

HUMOUR

Sex on Skates:	The ribald roller disco	*Peter Maddocks*	19
Open to the Pubic:	A satirical soirée round the stately seat	*Paul White*	47
Hair Today, Come Tomorrow:	The lure and lair of a unisex hair salon	*Tom Holborn*	76
Gentlemen, That Reminds Me:	Our round-up of your choice jokes		82

INFORMERS

Motoring:	The Lotus position of power	*William Boddy*	62
Quest:	Girls who like the rough and ready approach		91

FICTION

Farewell Treat:	Her head fell into his lap, but was she really asleep?	*Mark Fullerton*	14

READER SERVICES

Jigsaw Offer/page 8 **Jewellery Offer**/page 8 **Letters**/page 10
Book Society/page 23 **Back Numbers**/page 26 **Binder Offer**/page 98
Subscription Details/page 98 **Film Club**/page 107 **Holiday Offer**/page 113

CRITICS

Discs, Films, Eating Out 22

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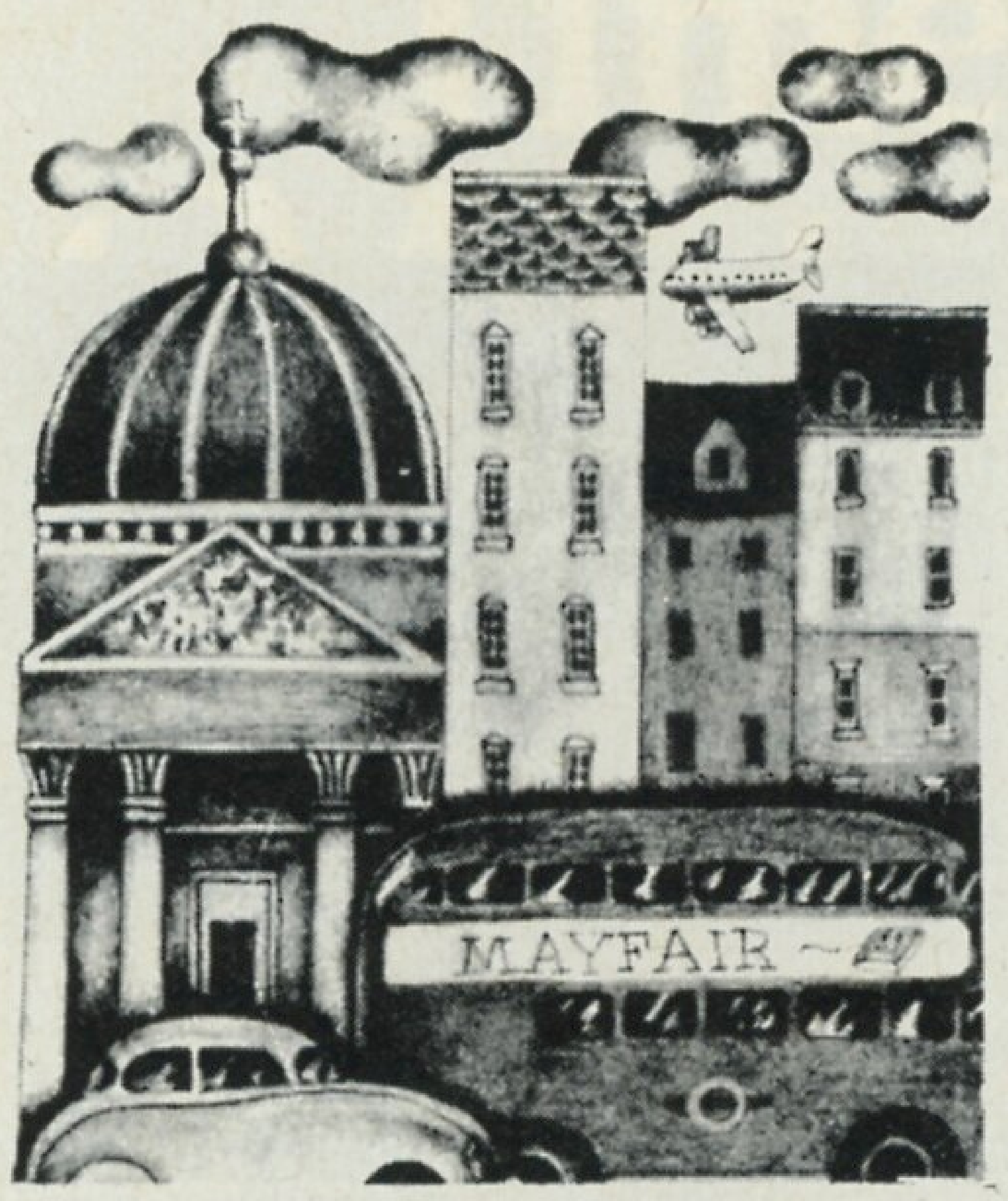
SCENE



Bad news for all those diehard chauvinists who believe that knowledge of wine is a male preserve and that women can't even be expected to tell the difference between red, white and rosé. For a lady has just taken the title of Sommelier of the Year, and it is the second year in succession that a female has won it. Claudia Harris, of the Moorwood Cottage Restaurant, Newton Abbot, was the only lady to reach the final of the competition which was open to all restaurant and hotel personnel whose job entails the service of wine. She has won a week in Burgundy. And even worse news for the diehards – only 15 per cent of the Guild of Sommeliers are female, only one per cent of whom are involved full time in the service of wine. The final of the contest was run in the form of a *Mastermind* quiz based on wine in which competitors were asked to choose a specialist subject and answer questions for three minutes. Claudia chose Armagnac and scored 23 out of a possible 25. She also had two minutes of questions on wine in general, with such posers as: How many bottles of light wine does the British adult drink on average per year? The answer to that one, incidentally, is 7½. We wonder whether that should have read 'per week'? Cheers, Claudia.

Would-be high flyers wishing to qualify for their private pilot's licence in Britain have to contend with uncertain weather and prohibitive fuel costs. And the whole process takes 14 months on average. Now a London flying school is offering British aviators the chance to learn to fly while taking the holiday of a lifetime in Las Vegas, for roughly the same cost as flying lessons in England. Brook International Aviation are offering a three week package for less than £1,500 which includes return air passage to Las Vegas, 40 hours dual and solo flight time, and accommodation. A pre-departure briefing in London is included to give students an introduction to the associated ground subjects. The length of flight time offered is enough to enable students to qualify for the American private pilots licence which is recognised in most countries of the world. The school's aviation consultant, Gareth Osborne, said, 'Obviously we can't guarantee they will qualify, but it is certainly possible. All they need is motivation. And of course they can carry on with their training when they get home.' He explained that the company can offer the holidays for the price because fuel is so cheap in America. The package is aimed at both the enthusiast who wishes to fly for pleasure and the businessman who needs to fly for convenience. During the holiday there will be time to sample the Las Vegas nightlife, and the Grand Canyon and Disneyland are close at hand. The price includes all examinations and a complete flight pack, and additional benefits will include membership of the company's UK flying club and reduced rate flying. For more information contact BIAS at 32 Muswell Hill, London N10 3TA, telephone 01-444 0895.

How would you like to have Margaret Thatcher for dinner, or Dracula waiting for you in your bedroom? Now you can because Dodo Designs have brought out a series of stiff cardboard figures which are virtually lifesize. They are in colour and fold in two places so you can sit them at your dinner table, in your rocking chair or even on the toilet seat. Apart from Margaret Thatcher and Dracula, other 'Spare Guests' available are JR of Dallas fame, Napoleon and Marilyn Monroe.
Dodo's figures are available in stores throughout the country or mail order from Dodo Designs, 1 Warwick Park, Tunbridge Wells, Kent, at £7.99 including postage.

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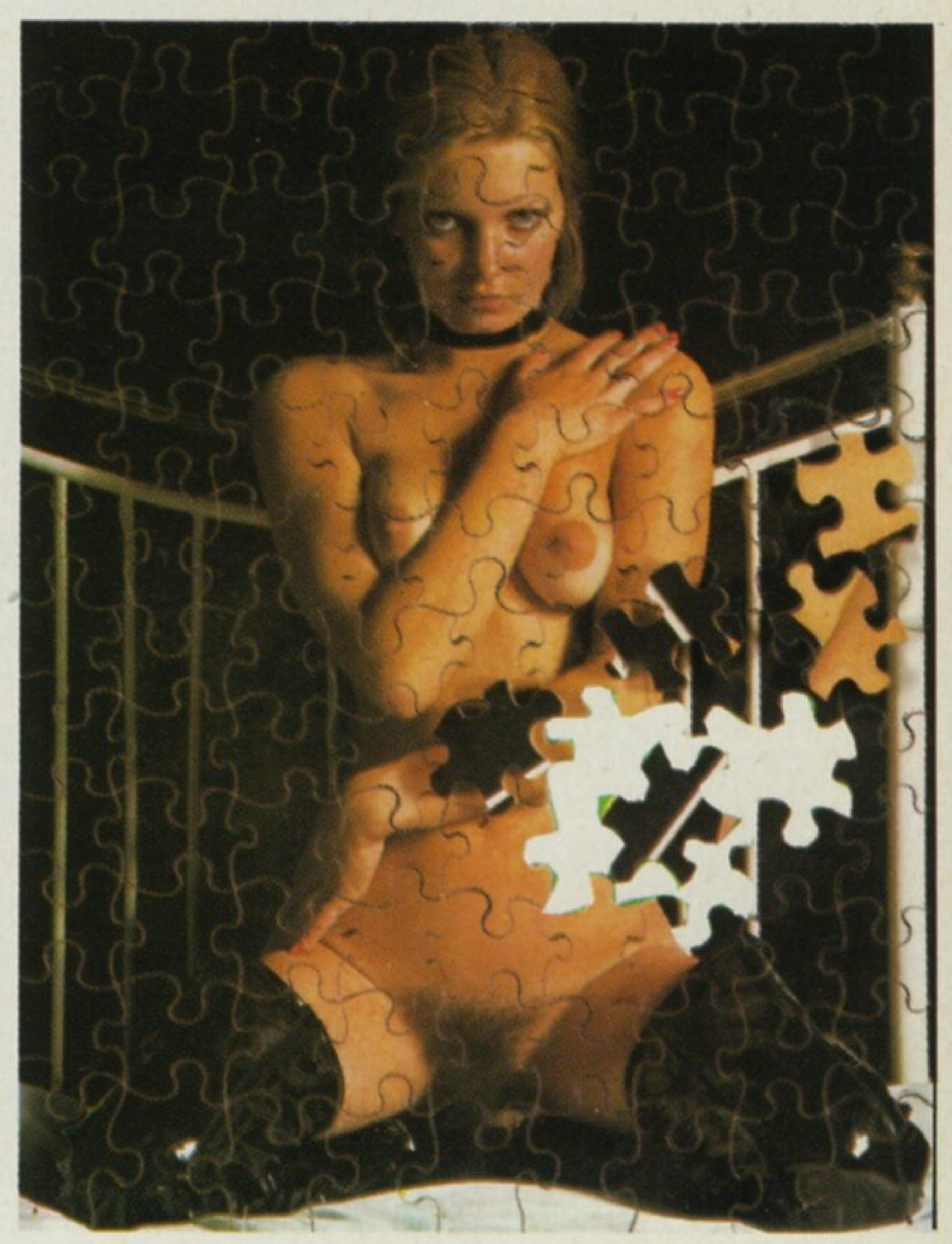

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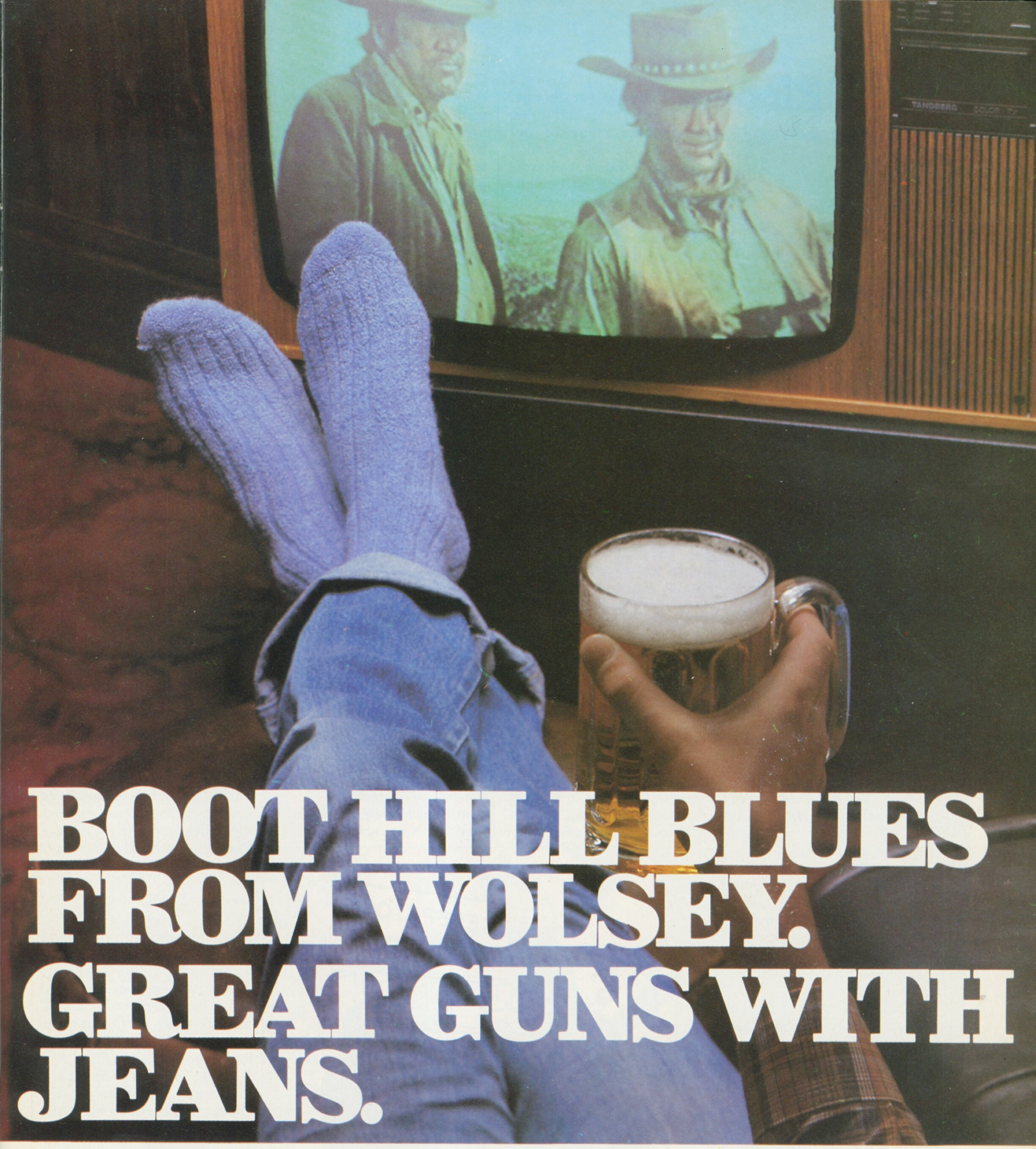
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LETTERS

You are invited to add to the controversy and anecdote of Mayfair. *Letters must bear the full name and address of the writer, but if requested this will be reduced to initials and town of origin. All letters will be acknowledged, in a plain envelope, to the address given. Unsigned letters will be discarded.*

Write to 'Letters', Mayfair Magazine, 95A Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ.

Take heart all you men being dragged along behind eager wives to the sales. During a recent visit to a leading London store I sat myself down disconsolately while my wife zoomed off.

I was sitting alongside a temporary screen which had been erected across a large department for women to use when trying on their bargains. Now whether this screen had been put up by male assistants with the aim of cheering the men's day or by unthinking women, I do not know. However, the room in which I sat had a ceiling made of tiles with a mirror finish.

It took me some bored moments before I realised that by glancing heavenwards in exasperation one was treated to a first-class stripshow.

My particular favourite was the well-endowed redhead who was trying to squeeze herself into a slinky black evening dress. Talk about putting a quart into a pint pot – but what a quart! When she finally had it on and decided she really ought to see how it looked without her bra straps showing, my whole feeling about sales changed.

D Jones, Plymouth

My husband and I are in our fifties and have been married for 30 years, during which time we have happily raised a family, though our sex life has been unremarkable and rather boring. Like many of our generation we had a rather narrow upbringing and were quite inhibited, particularly about sex, which we never discussed.

When we made love, or to be more accurate, had intercourse, it was always in the dark, as indeed we were in many respects. We were obviously both frustrated, as we later discovered, but never really told each other of our feelings.

Then one evening my husband brought home a copy of *Mayfair*. He has never really told me what made him do it, though I'm glad he did. It was quite obvious from the sparkle in his eyes that he found it sexually arousing and when I glanced through it I could see why. The quality of the photographs was excellent and the tasteful yet provocative poses of the lovely girls stimulated me too. So much so that when we made love later it was a really terrific, passionate experience for us both as our sexual emotions were really aroused.

After this wonderful and, for me, rare experience we spoke about it late into the night and realised that we had missed out in our sex lives by being so inhibited. When we realised that we both felt exactly the same we decided to do all we could to inject some excitement and glamour into our love-making.

Not only did we send for some sex instruction books, but I bought several sets of sexy undies, fish-net stockings, long black boots and gloves. My husband now has some posing pouches and leather G-strings which really look terrific as he fills them so well.

Now I will often do a striptease for him and we take Polaroid snaps of each other, until his beautiful rampant manhood can't wait and he takes me on the rug there and then, which I adore.

We now have a marvellous collection of films. We first bought the *Mayfair* set, but since then have added some of Danish and German origin which show really explicit, imaginative love-making which we try out ourselves.

We now feel as if we have recaptured some of our lost years. People tell us that we are quite an attractive couple, we've both looked after ourselves and kept quite trim. I am 36–25–37 and my husband has a super body, being tall and broad shouldered. His performance as a lover has developed into something really wonderful, particularly when we have enjoyed some imaginative foreplay.

Until a year or so ago our love-making was always in the missionary position and in the dark. Now we enjoy seeing each other being sexually aroused and we experiment with all sorts of positions and ways of stimulating each other to heights of ecstasy. We are so much in love there is nothing that we wouldn't do for each other.

We have also discovered for the first time the sheer bliss of fellatio and cunnilingus. When he goes down on me, my husband's tongue is almost as wonderful as his manhood. We love the 69 position and frequently make love this way, as part of our foreplay, before he takes me.

We have been lucky, we have discovered really satisfying sexual love for each other before we are too old. I believe there are many thousands of couples like us whose inhibitions prevent them from enjoying their love-making as we do now. And I'd like them to know what to do.

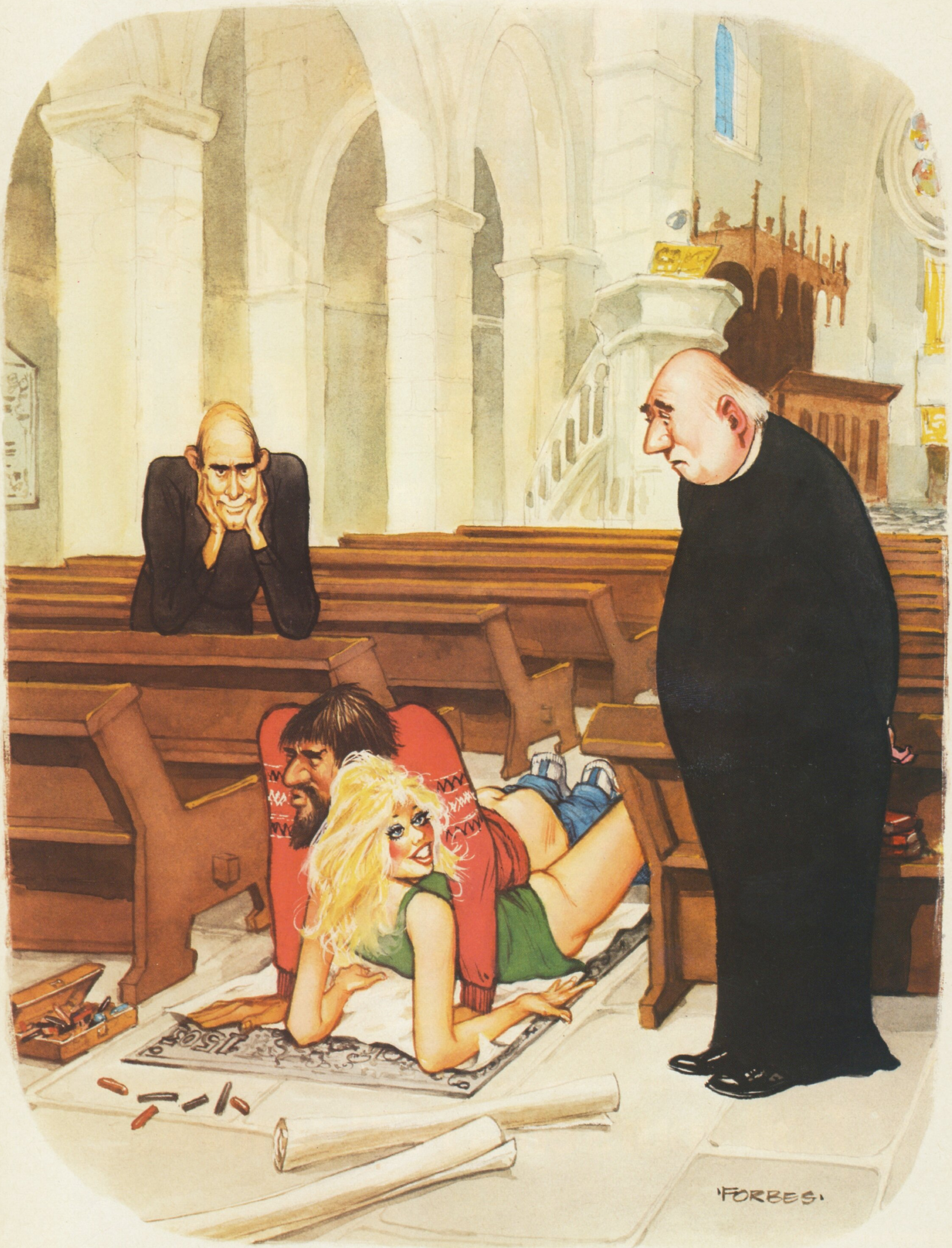
That copy of *Mayfair* has changed our lives. We have always been in love and been faithful to each other. Now we really have no restraints on showing each other exactly how we feel and what we can do to make loving the expression of our mutual trust. We even use our regular copy of *Mayfair* as a private love signal. When one of us leaves it open at the centre-fold on the coffee table the message is always understood. Then anything can happen. So thank you *Mayfair*.

Mrs E M, Surrey

RECEPTION
JUST MARRIED

'We'd like an early call, please – next Friday.'

turn to page 13



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LETTERS

continued from page 10

serve and delight her male admirers.

Siwer Ohlsson has managed to capture this girl's air of child-like obedience in grand style, and there's a ritualistic feel to the whole set. The shot of her kneeling naked before a bowl is particularly wonderful. She looks like a young harem initiate who has just been stripped and prepared for her first night of sex with her master.

F M, Manchester

I have been a regular reader of *Mayfair* for some years and have admired many of your chosen beauties. But I confess to have been moved to distraction by Keiko in Vol 16 No 1. She is breathtakingly lovely and so refreshingly different from your usual choice of girls.

It was, however, frustrating beyond words not to have been allowed to see the exquisteness of what undoubtedly lay between those tightly-closed thighs. Please feature her again. Japanese women are a delight and a real turn-on as I can testify.

Keiko bears a striking resemblance to a gorgeous girl I knew rather intimately some years ago. She was called Anna after her English grandmother, but was Japanese in all other respects. I had the enjoyable, pleasureable task, entrusted to me by her wealthy parents, of looking after her for over a year.

Shortly before she was due to return home, she expressed a desire to take our friendship one stage further to a physical level, without any prompting or request from me. As with most orientals she had an incredible desire to please.

At my first encounter I discovered that she thought I liked hair on a girl and had let her underarm hair grow. As I undressed her the sight of the wispy curls of her armpits caused me to get the hardest erection of my life. Unfortunately in taking her virginity I did not give her much pleasure.

She asked me to engage in mouth to genital contact and I must confess I was somewhat reluctant. Ever anxious to please me, she disappeared to the bathroom. When she returned she had no hair on her body at all, either under her arms or between her legs.

For the first time in my life I kissed a woman's vagina. Anna was so exquisitely lovely, so soft and smooth, that my tongue was loathe to leave her. The following morning we showered and returned to bed together. I again started with my tongue, but I soon pulsated with the need to enter her again. I withdrew and climbed higher.

In natural coitus we merged our two beings into one, and for the next two weeks we were engaged in intercourse almost all the time.

I can still remember to this day her smooth, hairless wonder.

I am sure other readers will bear me out when I say that Japanese women are the most lovely to the eye and to the touch. And maybe they will endorse my claim that Keiko is the most exquisite creature to grace your pages for many years.

T W, Streatham

I am one of those men who get turned on by seeing their wives made love to by other men, or merely hearing about such exploits and seeing her flirtations.

In our eight years of marriage, with her active cooperation, we have had some very exciting times.

The most recent event occurred when we had a young German student staying with us for a few days. One of my wife's ploys is to make up with the door ajar. She sits with her back towards the door wearing her negligee open at the front, or just a pair of briefs and sometimes stockings and suspenders.

With the large mirror it affords a good view of her through the door. So our young student had one or two fairly long glances as he passed by, and was obviously appreciative. During the day she would brush against him occasionally and he was plainly aroused by this.

On the third evening I suggested to my wife just after he had gone to bed that she go into his room to get something, just wearing a shortish see-through nightie. Thinking about it got us both aroused, so she knocked on his door and went in.

There is a wardrobe by the bed and she made some excuse to reach on top of it as an opening gambit. As she reached up, her nightie rose up to uncover her buttocks. This was the temptation and she felt a hand move slowly and tentatively over them and down between her legs. As it reached her pussy she gripped it with her legs and began to turn around. His hand moved and she sat on the bed and leaned over to give him a deep kiss, while he fondled her breasts. Her hand went under the sheets to fondle his prick and balls. She told him that if he would wait until the next day they would be able to make love, since I was going back to work.

When she came back to our bedroom she was ready for love and we had quite a passionate time. But the next day was better.

After I'd left for work she went into the student's bedroom. He'd been awake for a while and was ripe with anticipation. As she slipped into bed she felt his prick and told me later it seemed ready to burst.

She began kissing him all over and took him in her mouth. It wasn't long before he climaxed. After a short rest they had two really good bouts of lovemaking and she said he was really quite expert.

When she told me all about it that evening I had trouble containing my lust. This was repeated the next day and our student left two days later, much wiser but tired. And we have some erotic memories to fire us until the next time.

G B, Newton Abbot

My husband and I have been married for 12 years and are reaching our mid-thirties. We have both retained a young appearance and are reasonably well-off. Many *Mayfair*

turn to page 108

'Flag? . . . No, I thought you'd brought it.'

I stared down at the curly auburn head lying in my lap. In the front seat her dull husband was prattling, totally unaware

FAREWELL TREAT

Fiction by Mark Fullerton

Randall was still talking, still about himself, when we emerged from the smoky warmth of *The Silver Clipper* into the crisp midnight air. Even for someone as monumentally self-centred and paralytically boring as Randall, I thought, it must be something of a record.

Two hours of it through dinner and now the prospect of more of the same for the half-hour drive back to the school, with the added agony of feeling Randall butcher the gears and savage the steering of his long-suffering Rover all the way. Well, it was daunting to say the least.

If I hadn't known (and continually reminded myself, that these were positively and irrevocably my very last hours spent in the company of the unspeakable Randall and his equally unspeakable mother, I

ILLUSTRATION BY SUE LINNEY

doubt if I could have survived the evening without making some obscene attack on the pair of them.

But in less than twelve hours I would be on my way to Tokyo; and Randall, his grotesque mother and his Dickensian prep school would be such stuff as dreams and cocktail party chat are made of. In a world of bullet trains, tea ceremonies and geishas I might even look back on my four terms at Tettingham Hall Preparatory School for the Sons of Gentlefolk with an aloof and tolerant smile. But not yet.

Randall was crunching off through the frozen gravel of the pot-holed car park, still talking, keys already jingling in impatient fingers. The diminutive figure of his mother tottered at his side like some demented gerbil, chipping in her harsh contralto counterpoint with a precision developed through years of practice.

I turned my back on them and looked out over the estuary towards the distant sea, a luminescent streak just visible below the cloudless infinity of the sky. Even if it had not been my last night in England for a long time to come, the spun silver taste and quiet magic of that English night would still have been something to savour and hold precious for all the coming years. I drank in the peace of it – a great bright-streaked dark-shadowed sweep of reeds, riverlets, sleeping birds, banks and shoals, outwards and onwards to the palely lapping sea.

I was suddenly aware of Randall's wife standing beside me in the darkness. She was looking out into the breathless stillness with eyes that shone strangely in the pale oval of her face.

'Not much like this in the Far East,' she said, softly.

I was too astonished to make any coherent reply. In the fifteen months or so I had been at Tettingham Hall I could not recall having heard Ann Randall venture a remark unbidden. I doubt she had spoken six words all evening. It seemed to be her custom to speak little and only when obliged to. She took no part in the running of the school, and had virtually no social life that I knew of.

She lived in the lodge beside the school with Randall and his mother. It was no secret that it was his mother's money that had bought and set up the school. As its Principal and Matron they enjoyed the privileges of absolute authority while showing minimal ability or talent. The school survived from day to day through the cheap and selfless labour of such inexperienced teachers as myself and the protective care of the lower echelons of the domestic staff.

But Randall's wife was the great enigma. Where in his years of bumming around the world teaching on British Council contracts, in Army schools and in various odd foreign government establishments had he acquired this young (for she was certainly no more than thirty) and delicate companion? She showed no great affection for him, made no overt effort to please him. Everyone at the school had sympathy for her, but from a distance. She had no confidants. We all came and went, served our time counting the days and escaped, but for her, pale prisoner, it seemed to be a life sentence.

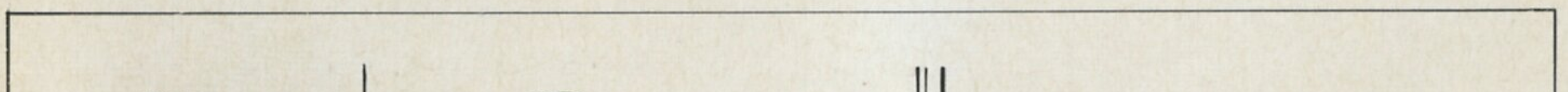
'Come on, you two. Get a move on!'

Randall's voice crackled out of the darkness, followed by the impatient slamming of car doors.

We turned together, in instant unquestioning conditioned obedience to the master's voice.

'Still,' she added as we crunched through the muddy pot-holes into the glare of the probing headlights, 'it'll have its compensations, you know. New sights, new experiences.'

We found Randall and his mother firmly ensconced in the Rover's front seats, engine running impatiently on the choke and doors and windows firmly shut.



I opened the back door for Ann and she slid quickly across so that I could get in behind her. Even as I pulled the door to, the car jerked into movement and we began to bounce across the car park.

Randall was already talking, peering myopically through the windscreen and rubbing the freezing condensation from it with quick up and down movements of stiff gloved fingers.

'I didn't want to hang about too long. Mother gets cold so easily, you know. Soon warm up though, once the heater gets going.'

The lights of the restaurant drifted past and there was nothing before us but the white swathe of the headlights. Randall crouched over the wheel, peering with fearful intensity into this projected brilliance.

'As I was saying, you'll find life out there a good bit different in many ways. Ann and I were in Singapore for a time – similar sort of set-up to Japan, I expect. You'll find the ex-pats tend to stick together rather – it's a closer sort of net, really. You see the same faces all the time, the same sort of social circle.'

I had been sitting on the edge of the seat, half leaning forward as if demonstrating my full attention to what Randall was saying, but I soon began to realise that he was oblivious to anything but the road ahead. Even the odd murmured words of reaction I was making were probably quite inaudible to him. So I slid carefully back and relaxed my aching muscles. This move had no effect on Randall, who continued without pause.

Ann Randall seemed to have given up too. She had slumped back into the seat, half in the corner, and lay with head tipped back and eyes closed, fully relaxed and to all appearances asleep.

There was nothing else to look at in the darkness of the car and she was worth looking at under any circumstances, so I sat back and enjoyed the pale profile of her face and neck, rim lit in the ghostly backplay of the headlights. Her short auburn hair curled deliciously forward over delicate ears and high cheekbones. The line of jaw and throat was pale alabaster. Could this creature really share bed and board with a toad like Randall?

Her head was slowly moving upright, her chin sinking on to the silk bodice of her Chinese-style sheath dress. I wondered if she was waking up, and tactfully averted my eyes. But I soon realised that she was in fact only sliding slowly down in the seat with the movement of the car. Even more to the point, the dress was not noticeably sliding with her, and her legs were already thrusting palely beyond the bounds of propriety.

I watched fascinated as her knees went forward, inch by inch, until they rested against the back of the seat in which Randall's mother sat, hunched like some malignant dwarf.

One cheek now lay delicately on the crumpled silk bodice. Her long thighs were

turn to page 18

WHEN SOMETHING IS RIGHT IT SHOULD NEVER BE CHANGED.

ONLY IMPROVED.

There's a single good reason why BMW motorcycles have stuck to the same principles for over 50 years.

Simply, that our one aim for every motorcycle is to make it the ultimate *riding* machine.

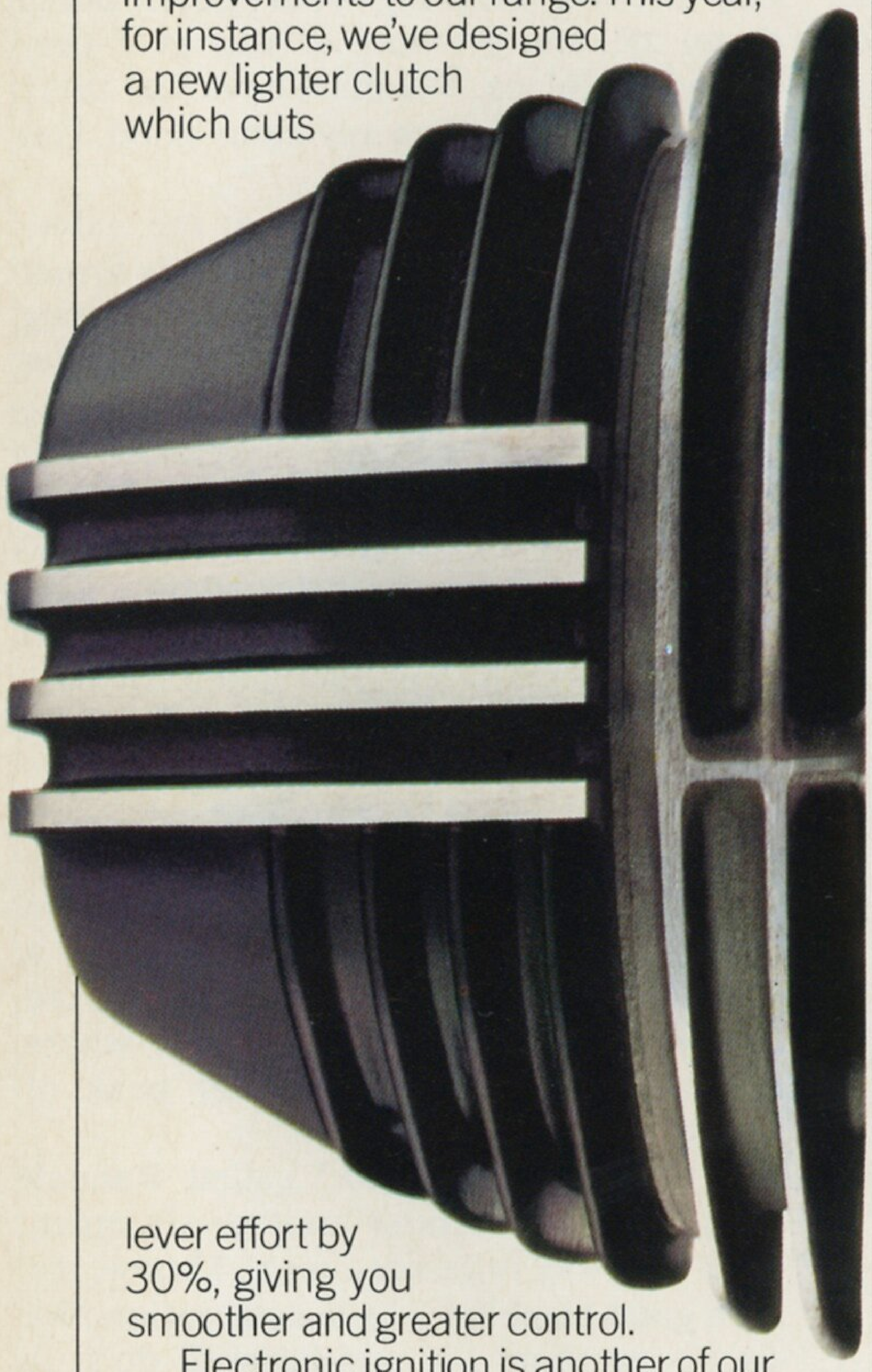
It was that aim which inspired Max Friz, the original BMW designer, to produce his revolutionary horizontally-opposed BMW R32.

And we've been in debt to him ever since, although we've far from rested on his laurels.

If we had, you'd still be pottering along at 56 mph, the maximum speed of the R32.

IMPROVEMENT, NOT COSMETIC CHANGE

While other manufacturers are trying to perfect the "in vogue" machine, we are concentrating on making genuine improvements to our range. This year, for instance, we've designed a new lighter clutch which cuts lever effort by 30%, giving you smoother and greater control.



Electronic ignition is another of our recent innovations.

It produces a stronger spark, gives you better economy and needs hardly any looking after.

Our engines too, have been improved.

Each one will now have linerless aluminium cylinder barrels with 'Galnickel' plated walls.

This will increase the engine's life in three different ways.

It reduces bore wear, disperses heat three times more effectively than normal cast-iron, and reduces oil consumption.

And that's not all.

As the engines are now lighter, the moment of inertia round their roll axes (which is already some 30° better than many a transverse 4 cylinder in line engine) is still further improved.

As you can imagine, the handling benefits accordingly.

DETAILS THAT MEAN A LOT

Not all this year's improvements are set to rock the motorcycling world.

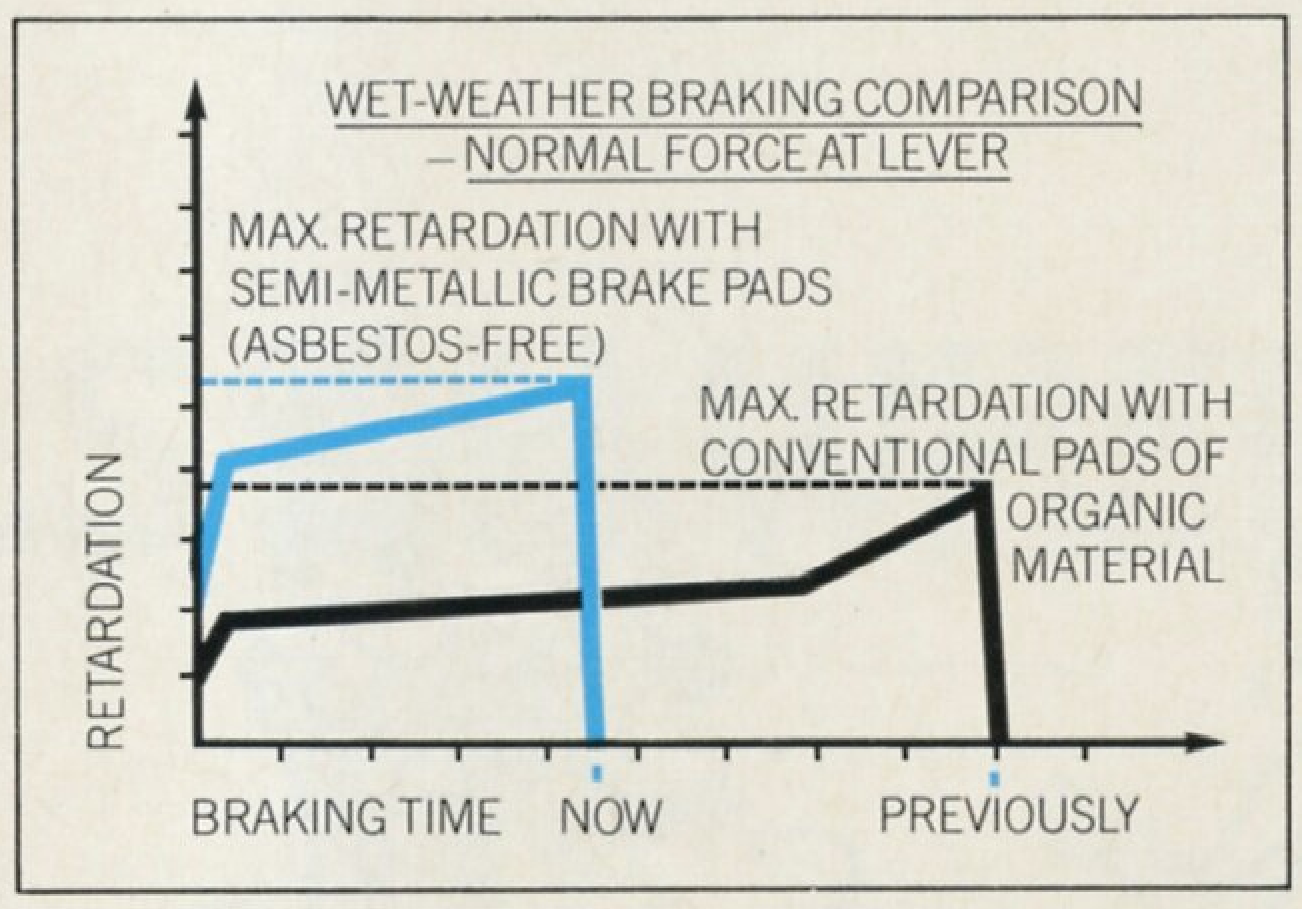
Some just make the whole enjoyable process of motorcycling a lot easier and a little safer.

The choke lever and brake fluid reservoir are now mounted on the handlebars.

Air intake volume is increased with our new plate-type air cleaner which cuts noise and makes cleaning and renewal easier.

And to make our motorcycles safer and stronger, we've enlarged the oil sump, boosted oil circulation to reach all points when the engine is working hard and strengthened the crank case.

We've also fitted new semi-metallic pads onto the fixed-caliper front brake which improves wet weather braking by up to 40%.



VARIATION ON A THEME

Anyone who thinks that sticking to sound engineering principles means standing still, should cast an eye over the new BMW R80GS.

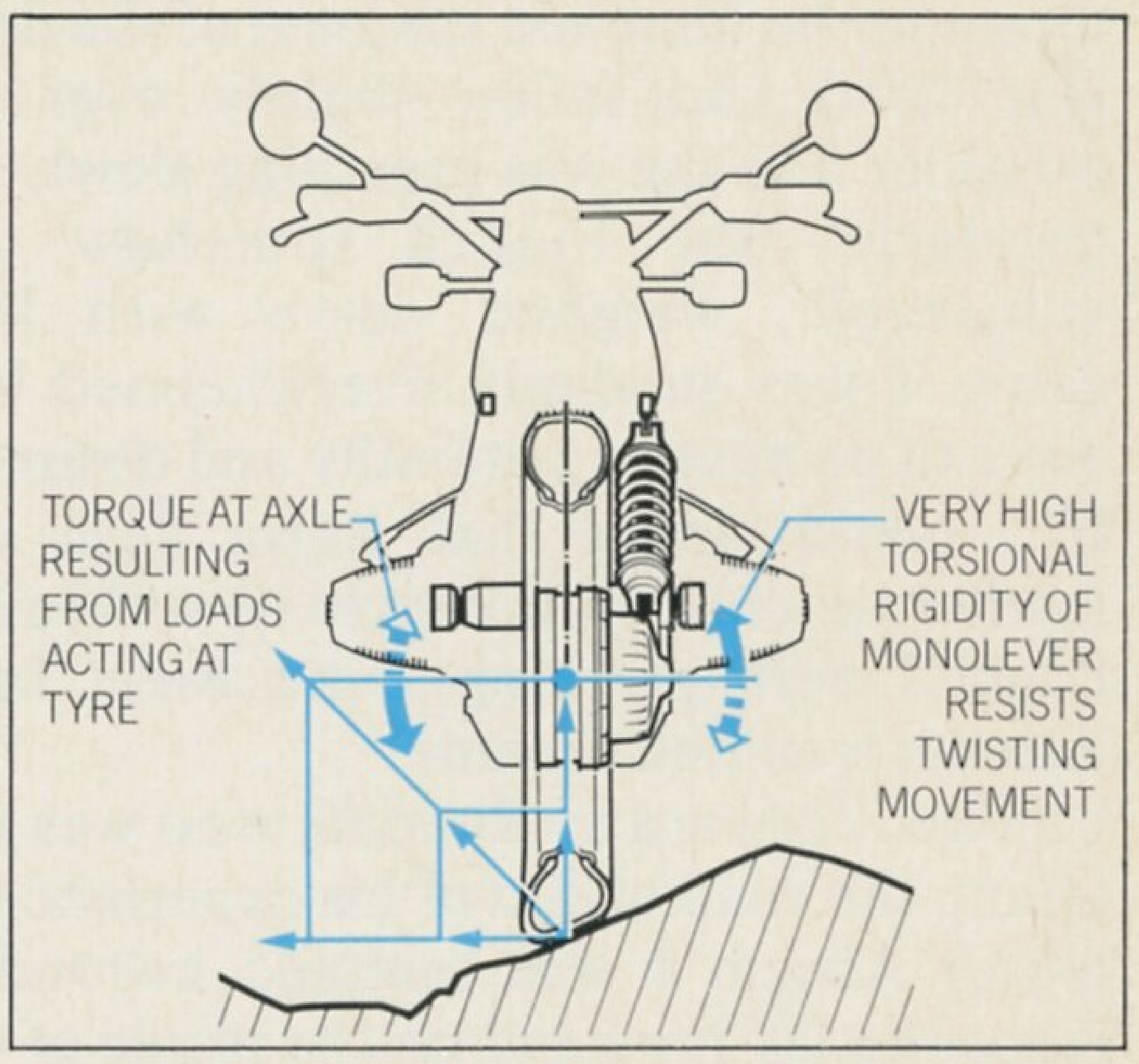
It is, of course, a shaft-driven flat twin.

It's also a one-bike revolution.

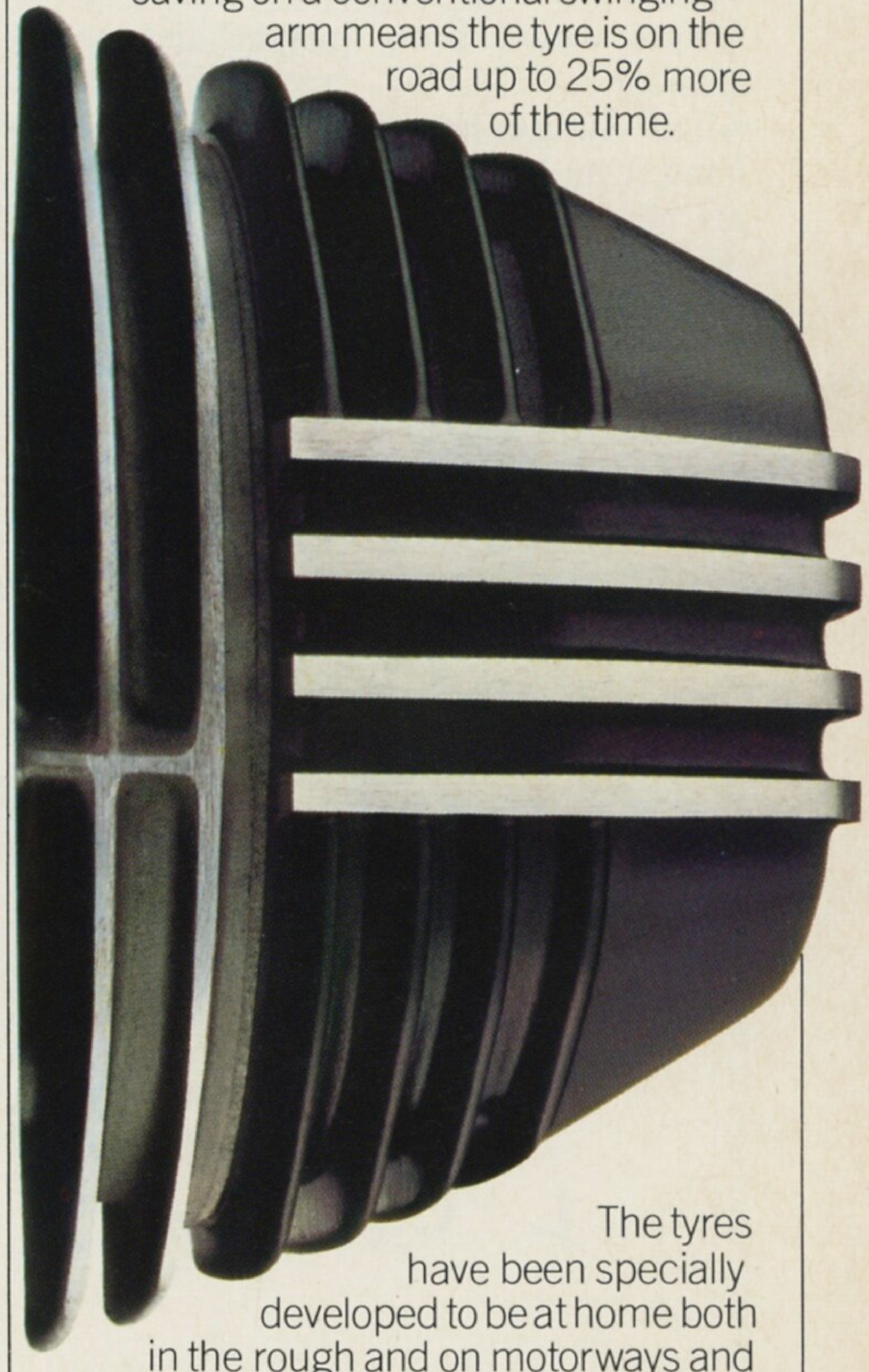
In fact, despite its cross country looks, it has already been dubbed one of the world's most responsive road bikes by the European motorcycling press.

Bare facts and figures can only be an aperitif to riding the R80G/S, but there are some figures worth mentioning.

Weighing a meagre 368 lbs it has a "Monoshock" rear suspension which has been exclusively designed for BMW.


TORQUE AT AXLE RESULTING FROM LOADS ACTING AT TYRE
VERY HIGH TORSIONAL RIGIDITY OF MONOLEVER RESISTS TWISTING MOVEMENT

This breakthrough gives 50% greater torsional rigidity and the $4\frac{1}{2}$ lbs weight saving on a conventional swinging arm means the tyre is on the road up to 25% more of the time.



The tyres have been specially developed to be at home both in the rough and on motorways and they're rated for speeds up to 106 mph. As well they might be; the R80G/S is easily capable of over 100 mph.

THE PHILOSOPHY WHICH HASN'T AGED

Philosophising about motorcycling can be overdone. The practice is what counts and that's the standpoint from which we've always wanted to talk.

Max Friz knew this when he started the process and that's why his theories haven't become outmoded.

But why should they?

After all, the wheel evolved a long time ago, and it's been through a few refinements.

But it's still round.

THE ULTIMATE RIDING MACHINE

THE BMW MOTORCYCLE RANGE STARTS AT £1,950. FOR DETAILS OF YOUR LOCAL DEALER, OUR MOTORCYCLE ACCESSORIES RANGE AND A COPY OF OUR BROCHURE, PLEASE WRITE TO: BMW (GB) LTD, MOTORCYCLE DIVISION, ELLESFIELD AVENUE, BRACKNELL, BERKSHIRE RG12 4TA.

Farewell Treat

continued from page 16

half spread, several inches of pale bare flesh showing between the snug stocking tops and the bunched silk hem of the dress. Her head had fallen slightly over one shoulder and she was breathing slowly and regularly. She looked somehow very vulnerable, weighed down with life's cares. I was suddenly overwhelmed by a wave of protective sympathy and desire.

If I could stroke that warm flesh with feather touch, not of course to waken her, could I perhaps bring some sweet fancy into her troubled dreams?

I looked forward at Randall, who was now telling the road ahead of his experiences in North Africa. I was tempted beyond all reason to lay my hand on the inside of that soft thigh, so invitingly exposed. I slipped my right hand inside my coat and pressed it against my body under the left arm. Icy fingers would bring instant and certain disaster.

A few minutes later as the car made a right hand turn, I leant with the motion and laid my newly warmed fingertips gently on the warm softness of her inner thigh. No movement, no stirring, so slowly and with great delicacy I allowed all four fingers to smooth into full contact with her warm silken skin.

Was it imagination or did her sleeping face seem more relaxed? Was that the ghost of a smile trembling on her lips?

I let the fingers drift up with tiny gossamer-light strokes until the leading finger reached a warm, moist obstruction and could move no further.

As Randall droned on, boring through the darkness, I concentrated my entire tactile system on the sensations of that finger edge. It was not smooth taut nylon, not bare flesh: there was warmth, softness, moist folds, some loose folded edges. It had to be some form of French knickers, soft as satin and lying elegantly loose, not elastic gripping.

Only one way to test the theory. A gentle slide of the leading fingers, a half spiral and a hint of a scoop, all feather light. And yes! The finger-tips with minimal resistance slipped into an unmistakable warm moist softness.

The figure on the seat beside me stirred at the intimate contact and I froze instantly.

Her legs shivered in a momentary spasm which was echoed by a rippling soft closing on my finger-tips. Then, with a faint sigh, she let herself slide forwards a few more inches, spreading her thighs and plunging the two probing fingers into her soft heat up to the palm.

1.
2.
Colin Leary

And there I held them, thrusting stiffly, soft pressures playing and squeezing on them in the slippery wetness. Under the knuckle of my curled thumb the hardening node swelled and throbbed as her hips rocked gently to the sway of the car.

Randall was giving advice on employing local servants. I dared not even speak in case hearing a strange voice in close proximity while experiencing such sensations should bring his wife to panicked consciousness.

'If you need one,' he bawled, 'get a girl – ayahs we used to call them. Houseboys are no damn good at all. They work all right for a week or two, then you find they're sitting around drinking your beer, doing damn all, and grinning at you as if they owned the place. We must have had three or four. None of them any damn good. Get a girl.'

Her breathing was deepening, the movements of her hips and thighs growing firmer and more purposeful, using and resisting the car's bounce and sway. Tiny muscles gripped and rolled over my gently working fingers, running wetly into my palm. Faint sounds came from her throat and she jerked her head sharply once from side to side as a ripple of muscular spasms held and released my thrusting hand. Then a slow dissolving into an incredible trickling softness, a deliquescence and warm relaxation.

Her eyes had never opened and her breathing settled again into an easy rhythm, her whole body relaxing with an almost visible release and satisfaction. A faint dreamy smile played over her parted lips, soft, moist and swollen from where she had clenched them in her peak of pleasure.

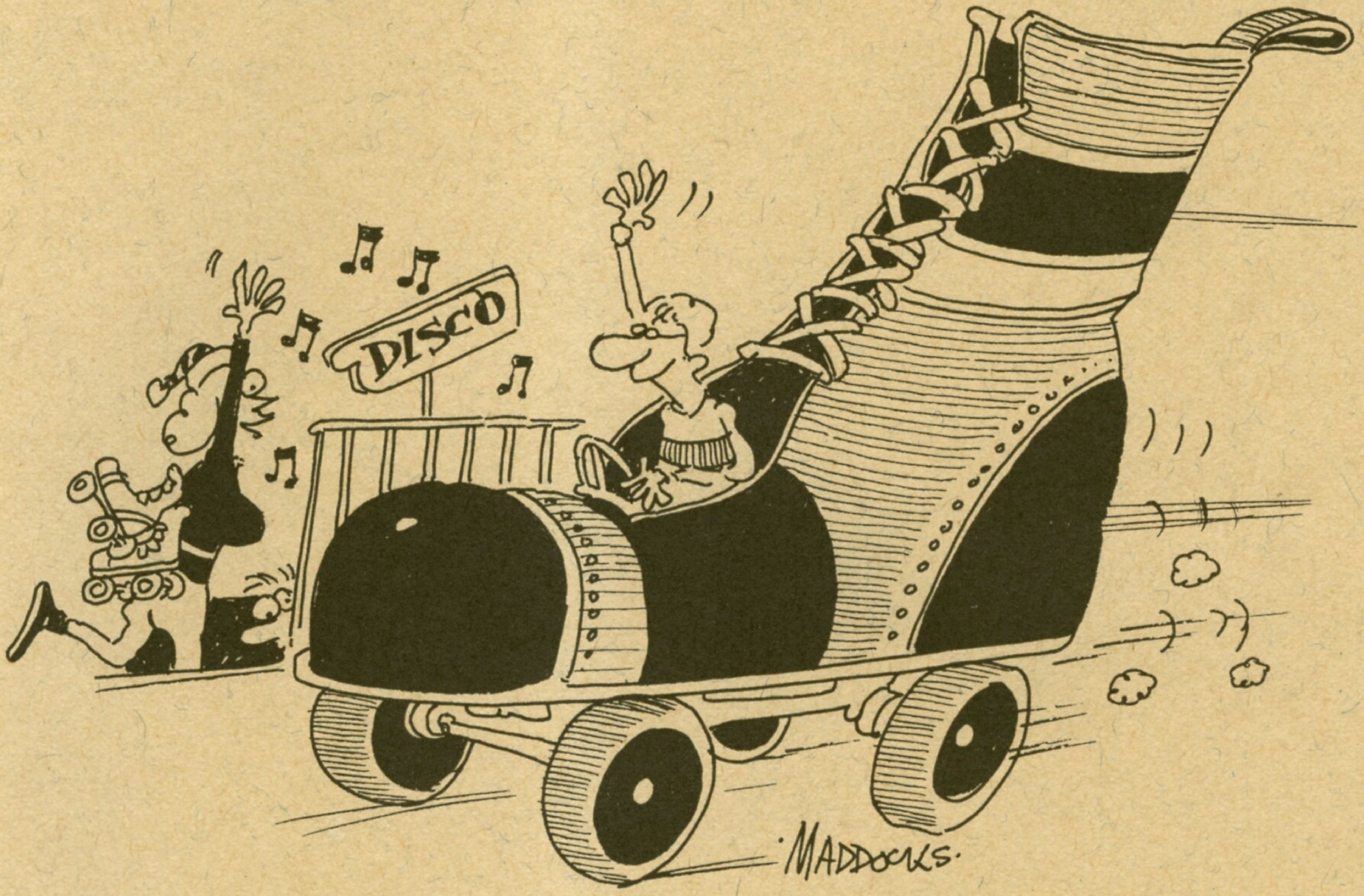
'Not much further now,' called Randall from the front. 'About another six miles. It's a long way to go for a meal, I know, but it's a good place for a little celebration. We always go there for our farewell do's. A little treat for any of the staff who are moving on. I suppose we must do this four or five times a year. Ann asleep, is she? I thought as much. She usually keels over on the way home. No head for wine, that's her trouble.'

A momentary glimpse of his face in the driving mirror looking back at me. Heart-thumping panic before I realise that he can only see my face and not the position of my right hand.

Nonetheless I began to ease my hand very gently free and smoothed down the skirt the inch or so it would move. The air struck cold on my fingers and a sharp, unmistakable scent caught my nostrils. I stuffed my hand quickly deep into my pocket.

Her head had slipped on to my left shoulder. Her cheek was bouncing very gently on the material of my coat, which fortunately was smooth barathea, and her

turn to page 35



FEELS ON WHEELS

Prompted by the rise of roller discos,
our ribald cartoonist, Peter Maddocks, puts his skates
on and leaves you rolling in the aisles

WHERE WILL DISCO?
LEGOOO
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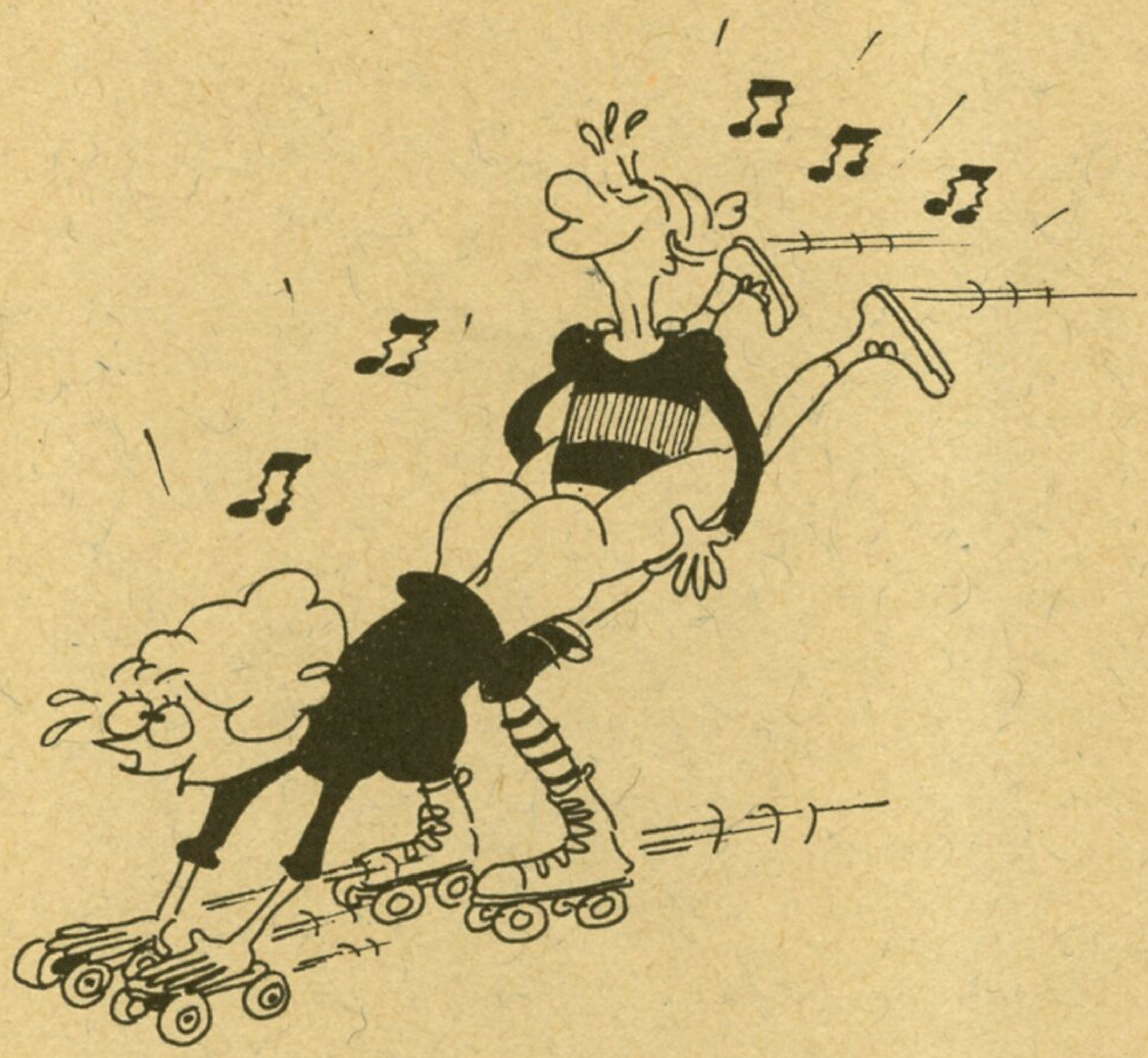

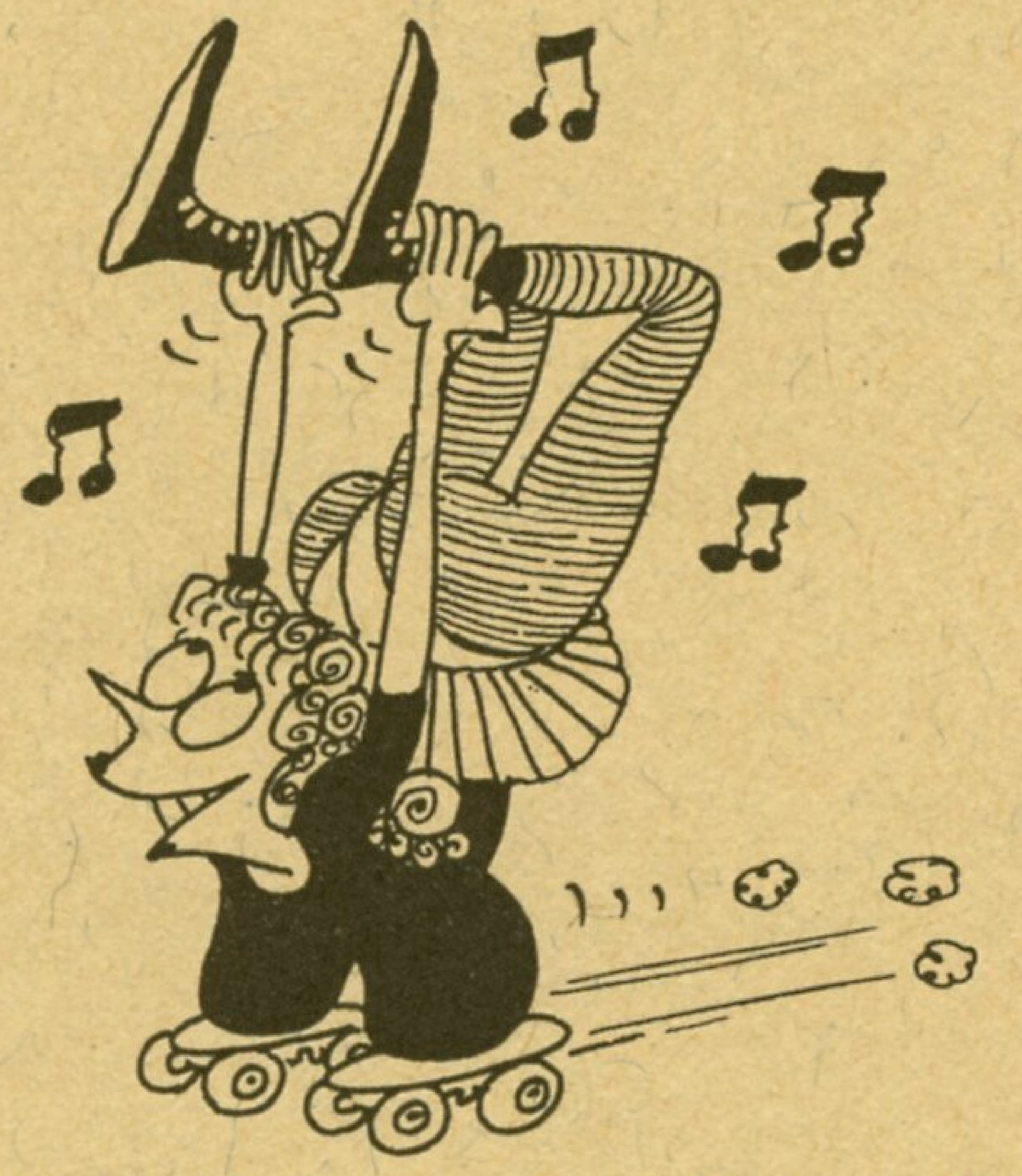

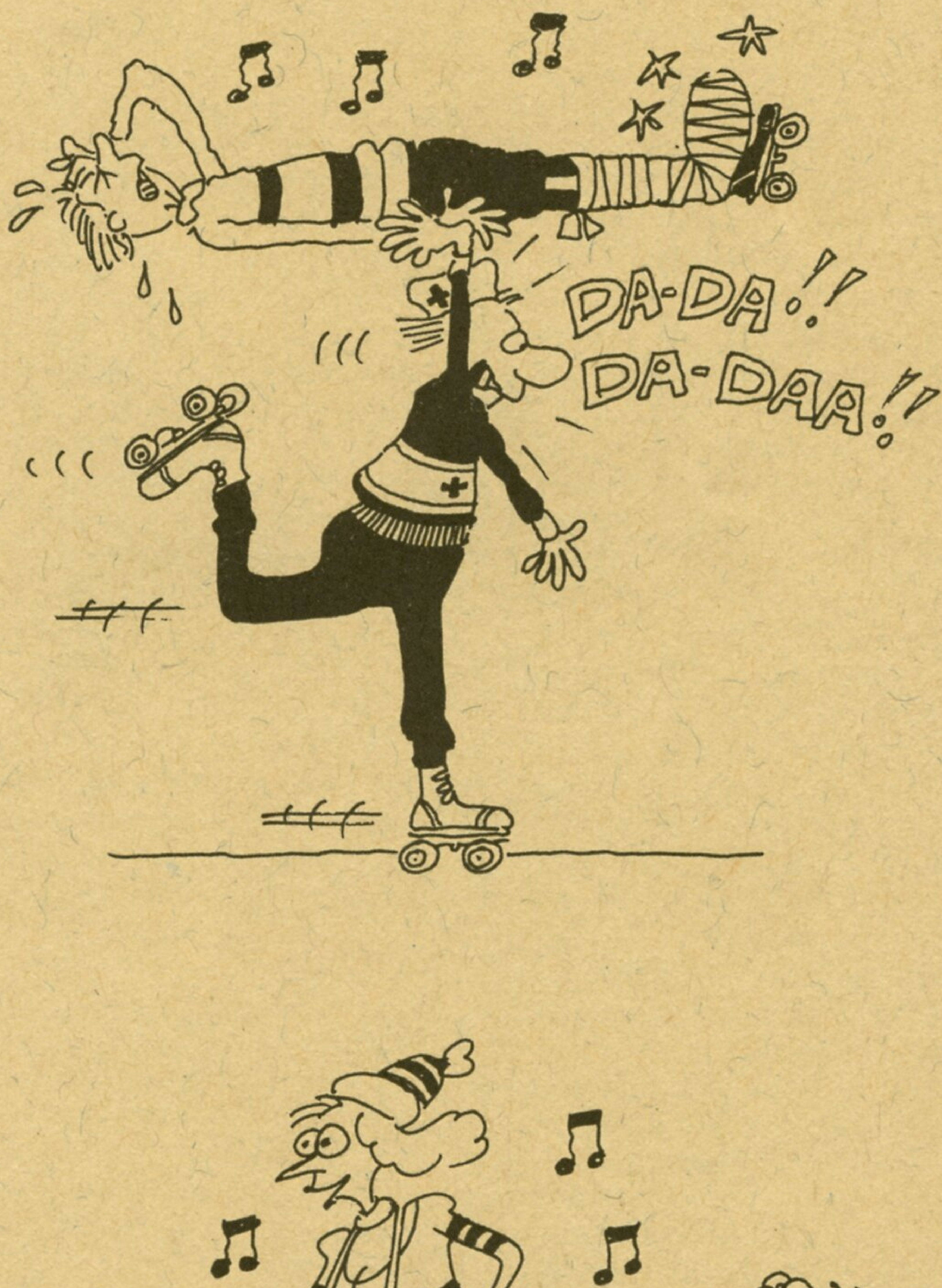
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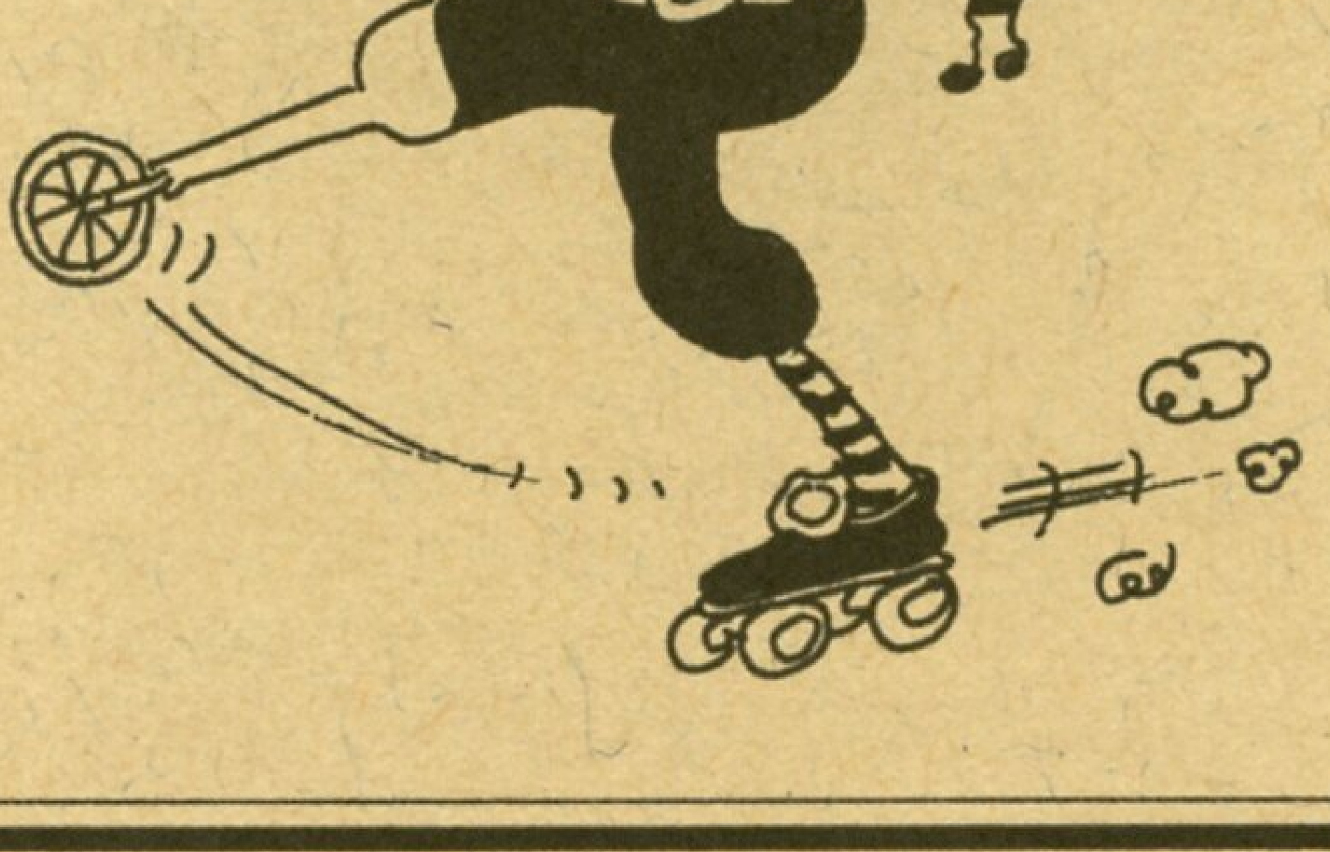
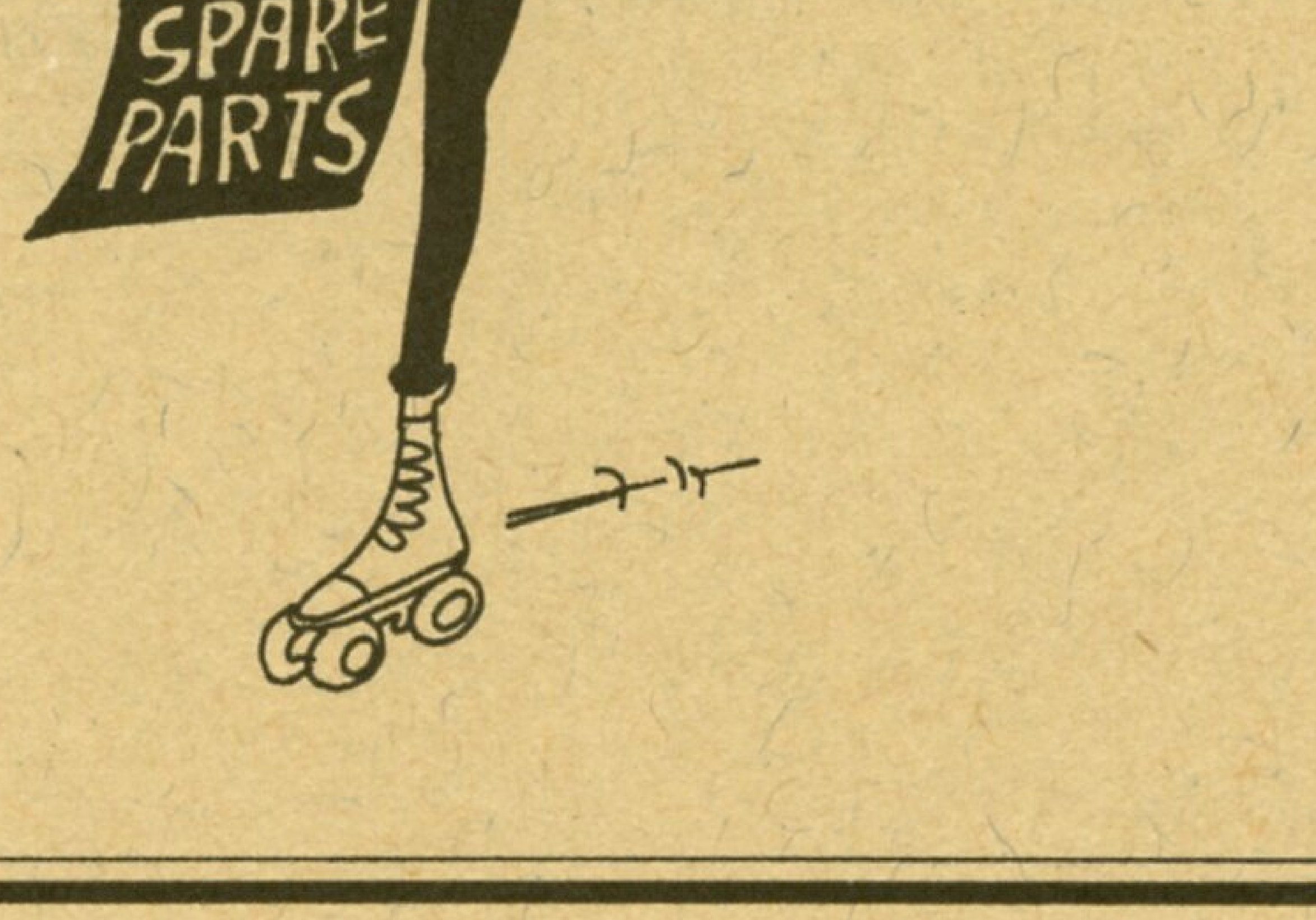



SPARE PARTS

DISCS

Peter Hopkin

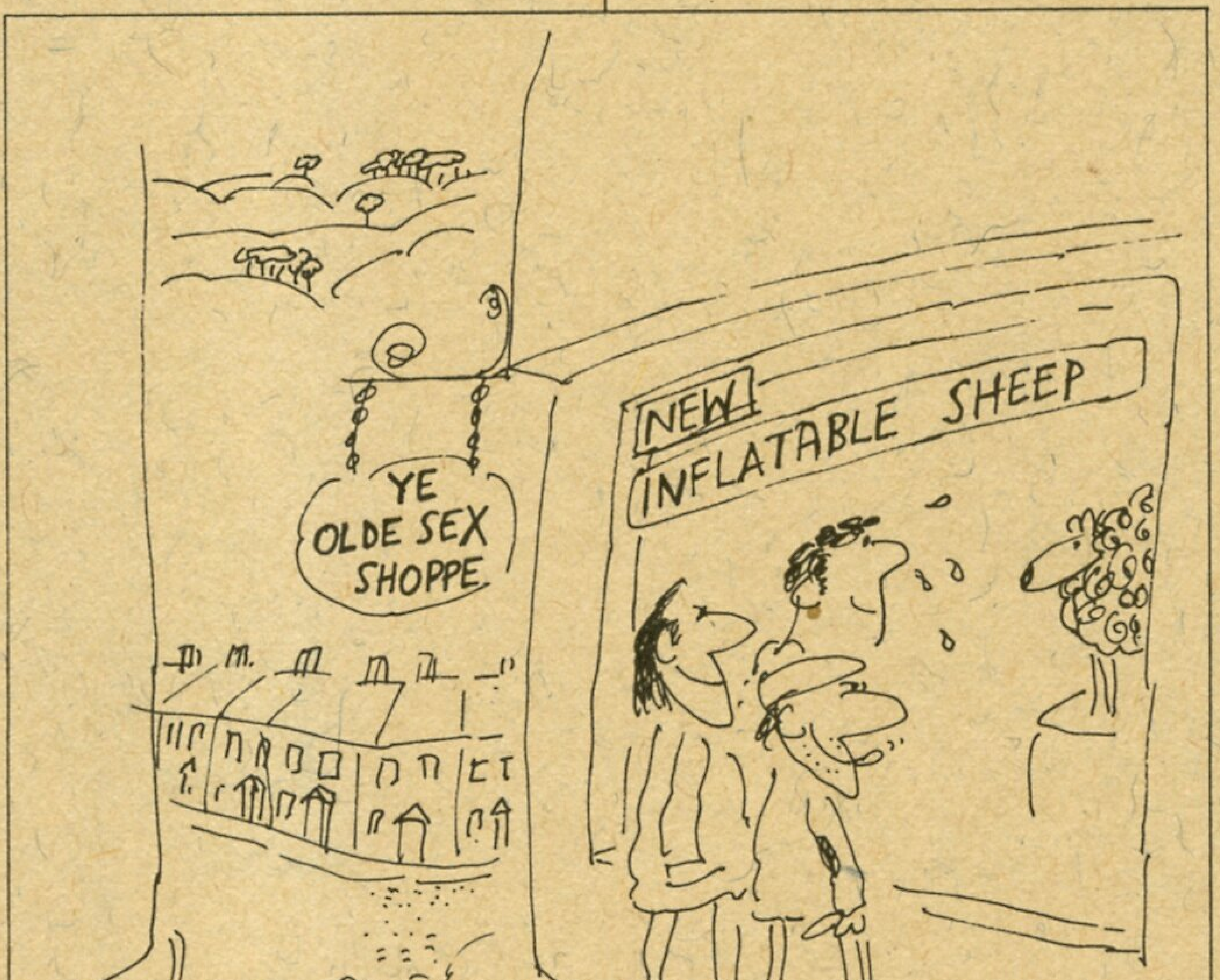
Over the past few years Black Slate have established themselves as one of Britain's leading reggae bands at their gigs at clubs and dances. Their infectious and pulsating rhythms have audiences on their feet in no time. Now their sound has been committed to vinyl with the release of **Amigo** (Ensign), which has all the vitality of a live performance. The six piece band play their way through ten numbers, many of which have long been firm favourites at gigs, like *Boom Boom* and *Sticks Man '80*. Their recent single *Amigo* which hit the charts is included on the album in a longer version. But Black Slate are not a one hit band as this album proves. The songs all keep to the basic reggae style, but there is a lot of variation within this style so they never sound repetitive.

Talking of music with a strong rhythm, one would expect great things of a group calling themselves The Dance Band. And their album **Fancy Footwork** (Double D) lives up to expectations. The seven piece band will have you tapping your feet through each of the ten tracks as they blast their way through a mixture of original numbers and well-known favourites, including a wonderful version of the Del Shannon classic, *Runaway*. The two-man horn section and harmonica player Peter Hope-Evans help to fill out the sound, and the band comes over as a very tight, well-rehearsed unit. This is their debut album, and I look forward to hearing their future recordings.

The song *Runaway* is also featured on another recent release, or re-release to be more accurate. **For Your Delight, The Darlings Of Wapping Wharf Laundrette** is an unwieldy title, but one could never say that of the music. It is the latest in the series of Virgin Records' re-release of Small Faces material, originally recorded for the now defunct Immediate label. This is a reshuffle of the band's first album on Immediate, but some tracks have been omitted and others added. The Small Faces had a string of hit singles in the Sixties, but you will find none of them on this album. It contains material which will be unfamiliar to all but the most devoted of the band's followers, but it is none the less a superb album, and shows how sadly overlooked and underrated they were. It falls roughly into two distinct types of music on the two different sides. Side one features the Steve Marriott dominated mod pop sound with his distinctive and powerful voice delivering some fine rhythm and blues numbers, like *Talk To You*. The second side shows the group in transition to the psychedelic style which became popular in the late sixties. Ronnie Lane appears to be in the driving seat with such songs as *Green Circles* and *Show Me The Way*, which make use of harpsichords and other fashionable instruments of the day. But this is not just an album for collectors as it is still valid today as a collection of good songs played with distinctive style and humour.

It is ironic that John Lennon should have been murdered while his single *(Just Like) Starting Over* was in the charts. That single is included on his last recorded album, **Double Fantasy,** his first for several years. While it cannot be called his best recording, it features some excellent songs like *I'm Losing You* and *Beautiful Boy (Darling Boy)*. Many of the songs explore his relationship with Yoko Ono who has written and sings on seven of the numbers. Her influence on Lennon has been heavily criticised, but her singing and writing on this album show an amazing improvement on her contributions to earlier Lennon albums. This record will obviously become a top-seller because it is the last Lennon album, but even if one tries to listen to it objectively it is still an enjoyable album and shows a genius for writing, production and actual performing which other musicians will envy. John Lennon will never really be dead as long as his records are played – and that will be forever.

At long last record companies seem to be realising that the technical standards of their recordings and pressings have left a lot to be desired and have not done the artistes justice or lived up to the standards of high-precision stereo equipment. For CBS and Epic are releasing a series of digitally recorded albums and records which have been mastered at half-speed. The technical details of this computerised recording system would take pages to explain in detail, but it all boils down to more accurate and realistic recordings so one hears the music as the musicians intended. **Bat Out Of Hell** by Meatloaf (Epic) is one of the first of a series of re-releases mastered at half speed. This halves the speed at which the recording masters are made to give a much clearer sound. Meatloaf's album is well-suited to this treatment as the songs, intense stories of love, hate and fast driving, sound even more dramatic. The guitars seem to wail right out of the speakers in the powerful *Bat Out Of Hell*. This record has been in the album charts regularly since it was first released in 1977. If you liked it then, you will love this clearer sharper pressing.



Ry Cooder also makes use of the digital recording system on his latest album, **Borderline** (Warner Bros). His guitar playing sounds so crystal clear you can imagine him sitting in your living room. Supported by a nine piece band, including two harmony vocalists, Ry continues to break new musical ground as he works his way through a mixture of originals and standards, all stamped with his own unique style. For example the relaxed version of *Speedo* sounds nothing like the original rock and roll song. The album has a casual country feel to it and Ry's voice is as rich as ever. It compares favourably with any of his other recordings and if you have never listened to his music before it will serve as a good introduction.

The Residents are one of America's real 'underground' bands. They play very few concerts, and when they do they always wear disguises. Their photographs never appear on album covers and even their names are kept secret. But despite their strange image, their music is very listenable and not as difficult to appreciate as one might expect. Their latest release, just called **Commercial Album** (Charisma), consists of no less than 40 tracks, each of which is exactly a minute long. Their sound is unique and relies on deadpan, unemotional vocals and symphonic keyboards and synthesiser effects, distorted and changed with electronic wizardry. Their lyrics are at the same time obscure and amusing while slightly disquieting because they are so abstract. And the songs themselves range from the pretty to the bizarre. This is a good album to try if you want to hear what is happening on the avant-garde side of American music.

The Mayfair Book Society

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Unquestionably our most popular book of all time. Thousands of *Mayfair* readers will readily testify to the enormous and lasting impact that Sexual Techniques has made upon their lives. In 42 full page photographs a young man and a beautiful girl demonstrate separate love-making positions. In the accompanying text, Mogens Toft discusses ways of positioning and moving the body to regulate orgasmic pleasure. The pictures show how the girl manipulates her own and her partner's erotogenic zones simultaneously with intercourse to induce heightened pleasure. They show how parts of the body can be fondled and caressed during intercourse and how thrusting movements of the legs, thighs and body can increase satisfaction.

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We have been fortunate enough to snap up most wholesale copies of Dr David Delvin's *Dear Doc* and can now pass on to you the considerable savings this entails. We can now offer *Dear Doc* at the special price of £2.50 (which includes post and packing) – and that's lower than the actual cover price.

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Exotic Love Games, we believe, will become one of our best-sellers of all time. This limpback edition contains more than 100 full-colour photographs of a couple who obviously enjoy their intimate union, and will prove a positive boon to anyone wishing to learn more about the intimacies of sexual contact. Each explicit photo is accompanied by text which helps the connoisseur to understand the intricacies of balance and movement necessary to get full enjoyment from sex. In many ways *Exotic Love Games* is a complementary edition to our other favourite manual, *Sexual Techniques*, though of a more explicit and erotic nature. You will marvel at some positions, disbelieve others, but chances are you'll wish to try them all. *Love Games*, we believe, will open up new sexual horizons among partners and those who appreciate the act of love as a natural and beautiful occurrence.

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M164

FILMS

Gerald Cole

*****A Classic, ****Excellent, ***Good, **Average, *Boring ♡♡♡♡♡An Erotic Classic, ♡♡♡♡Highly Arousing, ♡♡♡Titillating, ♡♡Limp, ♡No discernable sex content

♡♡♡ **From The Life Of The Marionettes (X), 1 hr 44 mins. A podgy blonde writhes nudely on the makeshift stage of a peep show while a record thunders at the customers to *Do it to me, give it to me now!'* As the show ends, a young man waits behind for the proprietress, a pretty brunette in stockings and high heels who greets him topless in her dressing room. She's agreed to a private show but within minutes she's dead, strangled and raped by her innocent-seeming customer. Swedish veteran director Ingmar Bergman – now working in Germany where this film was made – tells a stark, clinical tale of a young man obsessed by a desire to murder his attractive, domineering and promiscuous wife. Lengthy bouts of analysis from the hero's psychiatrist (who also happens to be the wife's lover), his wife's homosexual business partner (who's trying to become the hero's lover) and just about everyone else in the film are punctuated by bursts of enlivening nudity. A good choice for a new intellectual girlfriend: tell her it's a psychological why-dunnit and act surprised at all the flesh on view.

***♡ **Hawk The Slayer** (A), 1 hr 33 mins. In a mock-medieval world where magic really works, good-hearted Hawk (John Terry) battles against his thoroughly evil brother Voltan (Jack Palance), aided only by a rather thick giant (Bernard Bresslaw), a whip wielding dwarf, a lugubrious elf and a cripple with a repeating cross-bow. Really a kind of *Star Wars* set in Tolkien country – Mr Palance even wears a Darth Vader helmet to hide hideous scars – it makes up for an obviously skimpy budget with a driving pace and some intriguing ideas. How exactly *could* a repeating cross-bow work, for instance?

****♡♡♡ **Sitting Ducks** (AA), 1 hr 28 mins. 'Would you like to have sex with me?' beams the bubble-haired blonde. 'Because if you'd like to have sex with me, I'd really like to have sex with you.' Who could resist such forwardness? Certainly not the middle-aged heroes of this odd and original comedy. Sidney and Simon are two small-time criminals who steal several thousand dollars of Mafia money and head for Costa Rica. En route they pick up the eager blonde (who beds them both within the space of a few minutes) and a tearful ex-waitress. Largely improvised – often among unsuspecting passers-by – the comedy arises from the bizarre, bickering relationship between the brash, money-obsessed Sidney and quiet, bumbling Simon, equally obsessed with vitamins and sex.

'You know when I make love to a woman,' the latter explains to the less than enthusiastic waitress, 'I'm always thinking of the woman's pleasure, not my own. It really makes me one of the world's best lovers. I just wish I could prove it but it would mean making love to you.'

♡ **The Formula (AA), 1 hr 57 mins. When Los Angeles detective George C Scott investigates the murder of an ex-police friend, he uncovers a plot by an international oil cartel to keep under wraps a formula for cheaply and efficiently turning coal into oil, developed in Nazi Germany but deliberately suppressed at the end of the war. A great deal of chat alternates with sudden and usually inexplicable death. Concentrate on gorgeous leggy blonde Swiss actress Marthe Keller as the obligatory *femme fatale*, and Marlon Brando, as an avuncular, murderous and very funny oil company chief.

***♡ **The Dogs Of War** (X), 1 hr 50 mins. Spectacular battle scenes and a convincing performance from Christopher Walken as a mercenary who topples an Amin-type African dictator make up for an over-familiar plot. Like *The Day of the Jackal* – another Frederick Forsyth tale – the film version suffers from a lack of the kind of journalistic detail only possible on paper.

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EATING OUT

Brian O'Hanlon

There is something quite uplifting about watching a rich man indulge his good fortune in a highly civilised manner. I am thinking of Timothy Ractliff, Lord of the Manor of **Little Thakeham,** a hamlet just outside of Storrington, nestling in the picturesque crook of the South Downs behind Worthing (Tel: Storrington 4416/7). We were invited to spend one Friday evening there in early October, as the Sussex downlands were turning forty shades of brown. We arrived at night and the country manor house, of the Edwardian period, was discreetly lit to show its clean outlines framed against the stars. We entered a stone-flagged corridor to the main room where our host was speaking to other guests in front of a crackling log fire. Our suite – one of the seven reserved for guests, with colour telly and antique furnishings – overlooked the superb gardens with their paved walks, rose pergola, shrubs and specimen trees. In the morning our view encompassed a thousand undulating acres of countryside, with the long approach to the house lined with walnut trees, and a tennis net sprung across a well-kept lawn. I felt a little out of place, as though I had been whisked back 60 years and beyond, to the days when the pecking order of society had not been eroded by egalitarianism, and everyone preferred it that way. The food and wine? Absolutely superb, with no qualifications. My other half's chicken breast in Pernod was not drenched with the stuff; our friends' Southdown Lamb brought mannerly grunts of approval, in between lengthy dissertations about Sussex cricket. And one simply knew there would be a decent vintage port lurking near the stilton. The wine list had the stamp of the connoisseur. Even the house stuff was eminently drinkable, at 70p a glass, or £3.90 a bottle, and among the 100 bins on the card were all ranges and prices, with most vintages under £10 a bottle. A full English breakfast is included in one's £40 a night terms, and there is a 12½% service charge. Food, without wine would cost you £12/£15 a head. Judged by value for money *Little Thakeham* is ridiculously cheap when one considers that £40 is the going rate these days for a not very good London hotel room.

I write about a hundred different catering establishments in the course of any year, but it is only at **The Old Forge,** The Street, East Preston, (Tel: Rustington 2040) that I sign a blank cheque and ask the proprietor to choose the wine. East Preston is gold chip Sussex stockbroker territory, where if you are 'in trade' local residents will not complain if things are not to their liking. They just won't come again! When I tell you that *The Old Forge* is almost always full that should mean something. It is a 300 year old Sussex flintstone cottage, sated with oak beams and copper, offering Anglo/French cuisine at its homemade best, with full advantage taken of freshly caught fish from the Channel, just five minutes away. The *hors d'oeuvres* list whitebait, prawns, salmon and crab (£1.20–£2.50). The fish section of the menu lists Scotch salmon poached, grilled, or cold mayonnaise, (£6.20); rainbow trout (£4.90); four variations of Dover sole at £5.85 and the lemon variety *Grand Duc, Veronique*, or *en Goujons* at £5.25. Steaks range between £5.95 and £6.40 – with a double portion *Chateaubriand* costing £12.60. The duck is first class, too, at around £5.45/£5.60. The proprietors, Philip and Joy Bench, pay great attention to small detail. Their house wine is French (£3.80), as are most of the other growths on their card. Clarets range from £4.25 to £21.50, and they have some German bins that go well with sole, between £4.60 and £7.50 per bottle.

Morning Coffee 10.00–11.30. Lunch 12.30–14.00. Dinner 19.00–22.00. Closed Sunday evenings and all day Monday. Service charge 12½%. Car park, but best phone to book and check directions.

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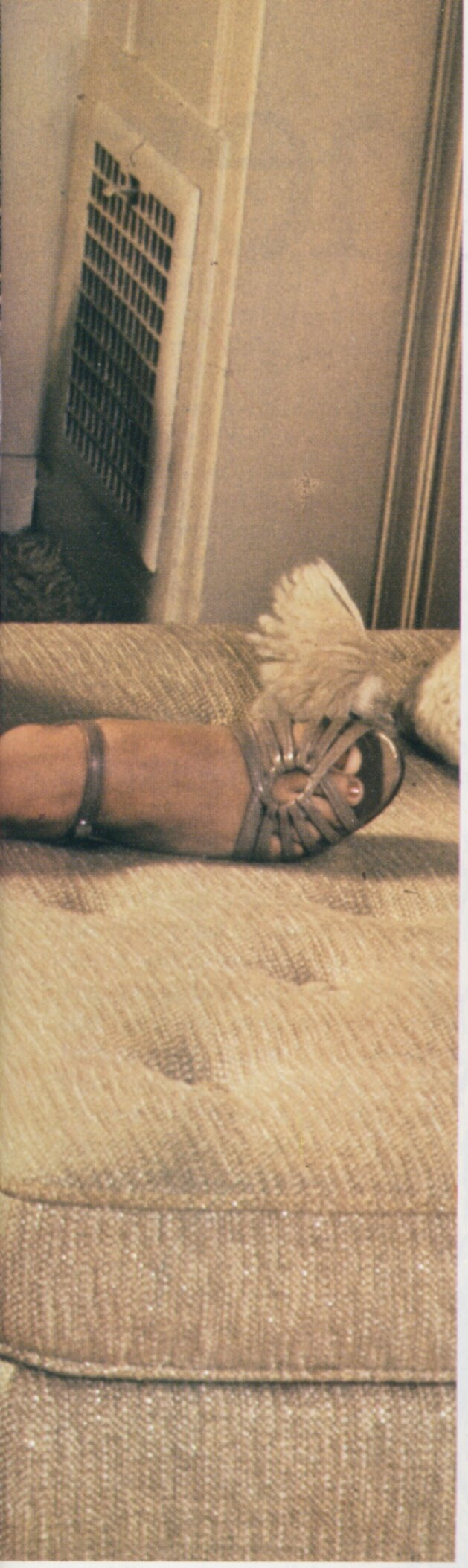
SYLVIA

PHOTOGRAPHED BY ED ALEXANDER

Although Sylvia Wilson tells us that she has never modelled before, it is not unusual for her 37-23-36 physique to spend all day in the confines of a studio. But there's not a photographer to be found in Sylvia's recording studio – just a bunch of head-phoned engineers. 'You see, I work for a jingle agency', explained Sylvia, 'which is just like working for a job agency, except that jingle agencies sell jingles. Know what a jingle is? Well it's the catchy music behind TV and radio commercials.' So if you bump into Sylvia just hum her a catchy tune – she may be able to help you make your fortune.

'Just think', continued 24-year-old Sylvia, 'of some of the popular commercials you've heard on the television or radio – for example, the recent ones for Abbey National, or C & A, McDonald's, PanAm, well, the list is endless – and there's always a few seconds of catchy music in the background. The idea is that you hum the tune as well as the words to the commercial after you've heard it. It's the best way of getting a sales message across, and some of the top jingle writers in the field – like David Dundas and Mike Batt – do very well when they come up with a catchy number.' But before everybody starts 'phoning their favourite tunes in, Sylvia explains some of the complexities of the business. 'For a start you have to make the tune fit around the sales message the advertising agency has already written; you'll be competing against several other musicians, and usually you have to produce the tune in its final form'.

So what exactly compelled Sylvia to move her fabulous figure from a recording studio to a photographic one. 'I won't give you any bullshit. The point is, when you rub shoulders – and a few other places besides – with the rich and famous, you want a bit of it for yourself as well. Oh, I don't want to be that rich, but I just wanted to be the centre of attention myself for once. That's honesty for you, isn't it. You can take so much of being a back-room boy, and although I haven't got a gift for music I was gifted with a great ass, so why should I keep it to myself?' Why indeed? It's music to all our eyes.



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Farewell Treat

continued from page 18

hair was tickling my chin. Her breath and her perfume mingled in a warm heady fragrance of musk and sweet white wine.

She was sliding gently forwards down my lapel, but my left arm was trapped between us and my right hand was in my coat pocket.

I slid down a little in the seat, to try to make the slope less steep, but already she was past the point of balance, slipping stiffly downwards and sideways. Her head landed with a gentle bump in my lap, her cheek pressing against the hardness of my rampant but imprisoned organ, which had been suffering the constraints of the damned for the previous ten minutes or so.

This was intolerable. I stared blindly forwards into the night, listening to Randall's prattle as the bouncing springs through the pressure of her cheek sent agonising quivers through me.

'The other ex-pats tend to put on you a bit,' Randall was saying. 'Because you're married and you've got a decent house or flat they tend to use it as a meeting place. Some sort of social club.'

Just as I was wondering how on earth to lift the lady and save myself further discomfort, a hand came lazily up from near the floor and in one deft silent movement unzipped me from top to bottom. I felt a blessed release of pressure, a moment of acute embarrassment as cool air on my upthrusting member told me that I was uncontained, and then a sudden, deep, delightful sinking sensation as I was engulfed in a warm softness.

I stared down at the back of the curly auburn head lying in my lap. Surely her dreams could not extend so far into action? But she lay there relaxed and comfortable, sucking on me like a babe at its thumb. And Randall went on talking.

'It got to be quite a problem, I can tell you. Especially in the Middle East. Chaps would pop in at all hours of the day and night. Lonely, you see. In need of a bit of company.'

The earlier excitement, my present delightful situation, enhanced considerably by the shaking and swaying of the car, were having a predictable effect. I knew I had very little time in which to decide whether to try and lift her off me before I exploded, or leave her where she was.

The thought of her waking up suddenly, inches above my waving spurting penis, put me off trying to move her for the few vital moments in which it might have been possible. After that it was too late anyway.

'We hardly had a moment's peace in some places. I mean, had enough dinner parties, get togethers, all sorts for the other couples and the young unattached Brits out there, but they still used to drop round.'

I shivered and shook as the mounting storm overwhelmed me. I shut my eyes tight as liquid fire rolled through me and I felt the dam burst, the shuddering spasms as I pumped and spurted helplessly up into the warm and enveloping softness that drew me in and in and in.

'You know, I'd come home at lunch time or in the evening and some chap would be there, having a drink, making himself at home. I mean, you can't chuck them out. But poor old Ann was having to be a sort of non-stop hostess. It's not on.'

The soft insistent sucking on my rapidly shrinking flesh was sending ragged shooting sensations through my inflamed nervous system. I half groaned and moved in stiff protest. The movement on me stopped and all was still.

'Anyway, I'm sure you won't take advantage in that way. You'll have more consideration. But some chaps do, especially when they're far from home. Ah, and talking of home, here we are at last.'

Cool air again on small soft flesh. Deft fingers and I felt myself conventionally enclosed again. I half helped to lift her up to my shoulder again. She was making little sleepy waking noises as the car bumped into the drive and pulled up under the porch light of the lodge.

She gave a little groan and a stretch. In the sudden light her face looked flushed and pink, but Randall was already opening the door for me to get out.

He wasn't going to run me up to the main building. Indeed he was already on the other side of the car, helping his mother towards the steps of the lodge. I was left murmuring my conventional thanks to their retreating backs.

I had one last brief glimpse of Ann Randall on the upper step behind them. She turned for a second and lifted one slim hand in a brief gesture of farewell. A moment later she had disappeared into the lodge, followed a few seconds later by the other two.

I was never sure, but I had a strong impression that just before she turned away, she winked.

'The prisoner wonders if you would mind wearing these for the first fifty?'

Why did the Shrewsbury Express become a runaway train killing its driver and 17 others? David Dennis examines the evidence and offers some possible solutions to this baffling and long-standing mystery

THE SHREWSBURY HORROR: the mystery of an Edwardian train smash

ILLUSTRATION BY MICHAEL CODD

Signalman John Beedleston watched the flickering headlights of the approaching train as they gathered intensity in that clear October night in 1907. He expected at any moment to hear its whistle and see it slacken speed as it obeyed his signal which was set at danger. But to his horror no whistle sounded and, instead of slowing, the West of England Express roared past his box at an estimated speed of 60 miles per hour, the crew apparently taking no notice of the red lamp he held from his window. He immediately ran to his instruments and tapped out the emergency bell code 4-5-5, Train Running Away, to his colleague at Crewe Junction signal box – 600 yards down the line and only 30 yards from the down platform of Shrewsbury Station where another passenger train was standing.

Moments later the engine and tender left the rails on the tight entrance curve to the station, travelled 75 yards along the ballast beside the tracks, and then overturned. Eighteen people were killed and 61 injured in the crash which followed as carriages telescoped and disintegrated.

The two leading vehicles of the train, a brake van and a passenger coach, were entirely demolished by the weight of the other carriages and the loco was buried under their splintered wreckage. The third vehicle came to rest near the signal box,

minus its underframe which had been ripped off by the impact, 20 yards from the rest of the train. The next six, passenger carriages and Post Office vans, were completely destroyed and they formed a horrific heap which piled up to a considerable height. Their wooden bodies were smashed beyond recognition and their steel underframes so intertwined that it was necessary for the breakdown crews to cut them up before they could be cleared. The tenth vehicle, a passenger coach, was damaged beyond repair and pressed up against the wreckage while four more were derailed and damaged. The last vehicle of the whole formation, a lowly six-wheeled fish van, was the only one not derailed.

It was one of the worst disasters in the annals of British railway history, yet even today the puzzle of what happened on the footplate of locomotive number 2052 on that fateful autumn night has never been solved. The cause of the crash remains a mystery and solutions put forward are mere suppositions.

The travelling public and railway officials of Edwardian England were understandably unnerved by the unknown circumstances that had allowed the express to hurtle at breakneck speed through a succession of signals set at danger into the tightly curved railway junction at the northern entrance to Shrewsbury station at over 60 mph, six times the maximum permitted.

The night had been of perfect visibility, the train brakes had been tested prior to departure from Crewe, the driver had frequently worked the same train, and by all accounts knew the line between Shrewsbury and Crewe as well as his way home. He and his fireman were in the prime of life and workmates vouched for their good health. The locomotive involved had been in service for less than a year and had been generally overhauled only four days prior to the accident. The vehicles of the train and the trackwork on the approach to Shrewsbury were without defect and no fault could be found in the signals or in their operation.

The local Coroner's Jury gave a verdict of accidental death, but added a somewhat misleading rider which concluded that the brakes of the express had been insufficient for the weight of the train – an opinion arrived at without recourse to expert witnesses.

David Lloyd George, MP, then President of the Board of Trade, presided over the Public Inquiry which was convened by Lt-Col H A Yorke of the Board's Railway Department on the day following the accident, Wednesday, 16th October 1907. For three days some sixty or so witnesses were closely questioned in an attempt to pin down the reason for the disaster.

The driver of the ill-fated train had been Samuel Martin, 52, an employee of the London and North Western Railway Company since 1871 and an express driver for three years. His fireman, Frederick Owen Fletcher, 30, had entered the company's service in 1897 and by 1904 had risen to the grade of fireman. Both men were married and based at Crewe.

Fletcher was a teetotaler and driver Martin drank only in moderation. The latter had never been seen the worse for wear by his colleagues. Company employees discovered drinking on duty were liable to summary dismissal and the consumption of alcohol prior to the commencement of duty was similarly discouraged.

Drunkenness as a potential cause was unlikely but the allegation had to be convincingly disproved.

Locomotive No 2052 'Stephenson', built at Crewe locomotive works in December of the previous year, was one of the Company's newly introduced 'Experiment' class, the first of a new line of locomotives of the 4–6–0 wheel arrangement. It had recently revisited its birthplace for a general overhaul and had completed several journeys without apparent defect after re-entering service four days previously.

The fifteen vehicles of the West of England Express were of a somewhat random assortment, typical of cross-country trains of the period. All had wooden bodies; seven were constructed on steel underframes, seven on composite steel and wood, and one was of all wood construction. They had all either been built or overhauled within the previous twelve months, but their fragile wooden panels were no match for the stresses and rending strains of the impact of a high-speed derailment, and gave no protection to the occupants.

Shrewsbury station, the scene of the drama, was a major rail junction. The actual point of derailment, apart from minor damage, was found to be still to the correct gauge of 4 feet 8½ inches when scrutinised after the accident. The junction, of which this section of track was a part, was located at the northern entrance to the station and above reproach: it had been relaid to the exacting standards of the Great Western Railway as part of a modernisation scheme undertaken in 1903.

The driver and fireman, the latter fresh from a holiday with his family at Blackpool, had worked to Manchester and Holyhead, North Wales, the previous night where they had signed off duty on Monday morning at 6 am.

The Railway Company maintained hostels which engine crews had to make use of when their tour of duty required a rest period away from home. Accordingly at the conclusion of the shift on Monday morning both driver and fireman made their way to the Company's staff hostel.

Witnesses vouched for their good humour and sobriety; indeed the consumption of alcohol was banned by the company at their hostels, though a mug of beer consumed with a meal would be overlooked. But neither had been seen to touch a drop.

Their charge, No 2052, had been inspected at Holyhead Depot and no undue faults had been found.

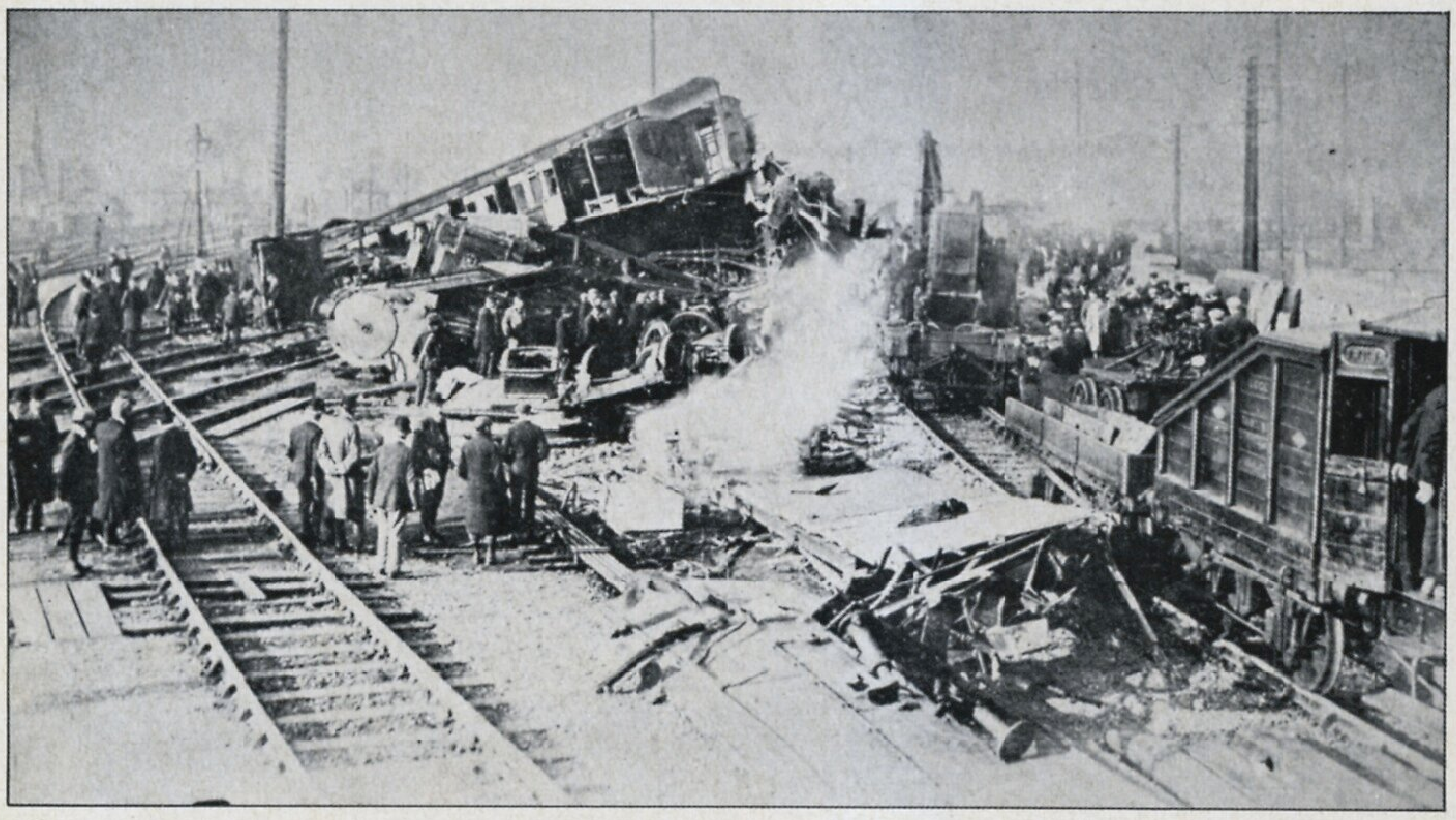
Reporting back on duty at 7.25 pm Monday evening, Martin and Fletcher worked the 8.50 pm Holyhead to Crewe parcels train which reached its destination at 11.50 pm. Before Martin could depart with the 1.20 am Shrewsbury Express from platform four he had to uncouple the various vehicles of his lately arrived train and also take on water for the run.

Porters, shunters, signalmen and other staff at Crewe involved in the departure of the express came before the Inquiry. No one could shed any light on the possible cause of the disaster, and each confirmed that Martin and Fletcher appeared to be normal and well. To a man they verified that the formation and dispatch of the train on that fatal night had been correctly undertaken in accordance with the Company's rules.

The West of England Express began life proper at Crewe, being composed of through carriages which had started their journeys at Liverpool, York and Glasgow and were detached at Crewe from various southern-bound long-distance trains. The newly-formed train had been examined prior to departure and the automatic vacuum brake had been tested by the engine crew and guard Henry Birch who rode in the rear brake compartment.

In an emergency guard Birch could independently apply the vacuum brake and

turn to page 50



The scene of devastation after the West of England night mail express mysteriously crashed. The train should have followed the curved track on the right of the picture.

WHITE HORSE
Fine Old
Scotch Whisky

EVA

PHOTOGRAPHED BY JOHN ALLUM

Picture this – a small girl of four years old tripping over the hem of a billowing dress, a huge bonnet almost obscuring her vision, bright red lipstick clumsily applied round her mouth, her huge black handbag almost matching outrageously over-sized high-heeled shoes. Well, that was Eva Upton fifteen years ago and still today she gets a great thrill out of dressing up, as well as undressing.

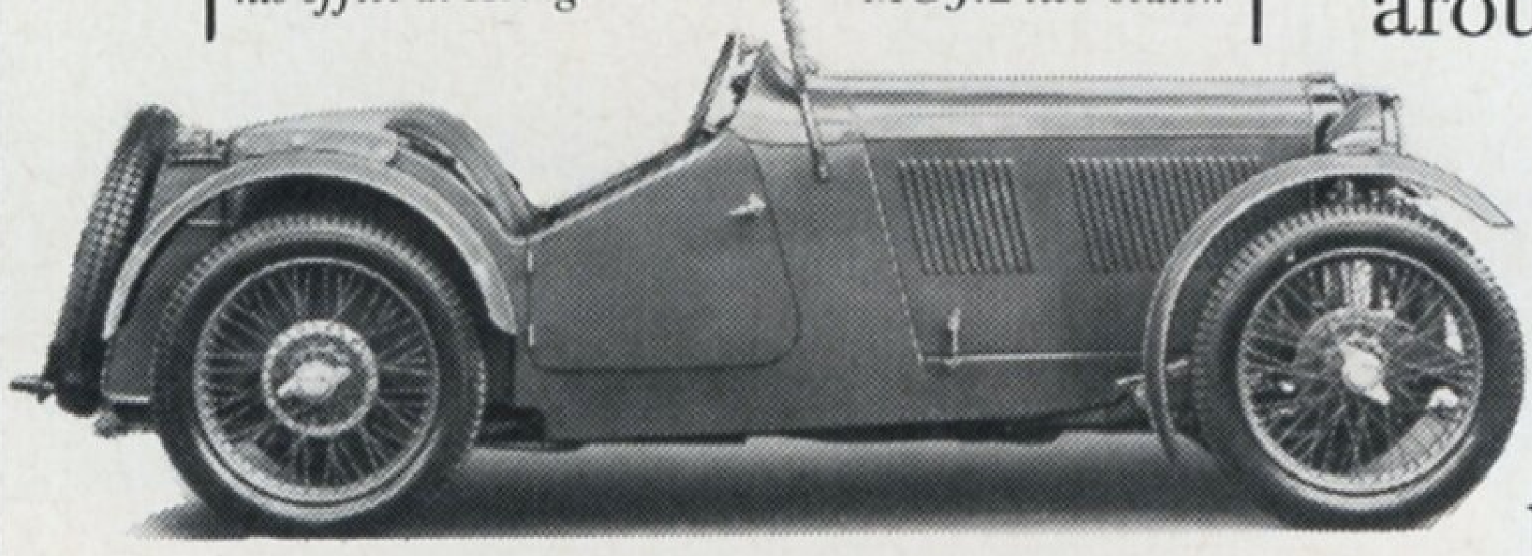
So when Eva was presented with traditional Victorian underwear plus tub there was almost no stopping her. Her 35-23-36 body writhed and wriggled and the smile on Eva's lips needed no encouragement. 'Yes, it has to be said that I'm an incurable poser. I always have been and I suppose I always will', confessed Eva. 'And this Victorian underwear – it could have been made just for me. I think the human bottom is the sexiest thing imaginable. Sometimes I just want to grab someone's bottom – after all, it's very grabable isn't it. It also looks so inviting with all its various hidden pleasures', adds Eva with a glint in her eye. In fact, there's a chance that Eva will give you a first-hand preview of her own posterior should you annoy her on the road. You see Eva is a leading protagonist of the ancient art of Mooning.

'Mooning', explains Eva, 'probably has its roots in Japan where the bare bottom is a great insult. But in recent years it has been adopted by some Americans in favour of the two-fingered salute. So if someone annoys you while you're driving along you get your passenger to press their bum against the window at the offending driver. It's great fun. I've done it several times, sometimes just for the hell of it.' Eva lives in West London's Fulham and often cruises around in her friends' customised cars. So a trip up and down the Kings Road on a Friday night could be well worthwhile. And if you are lucky enough to enjoy a Mooning from Eva she'd appreciate one in return – get within grabbing distance and your luck could really be in.

Why a brand new MGB is already a valuable collector's item.

Above, Cecil Kimber, founder of MG, in his office at Abingdon.

Below, the classic lines of the 1932 MG J.2 two-seater.



An MG J.3 – similar to the J.2 but supercharged – in the 1933 Monte Carlo Rally.

HAD you been fortunate enough to buy a spanking new, 80 mph, MG J.2 two-seater in 1932, you would have paid around £200 for it.

Today a good J.2 can fetch £6,000, an increase of almost 3000%.

We admit the possibility that – given a good broker and several strokes of luck – you could have made a similar gain on the stock market.

But would you have had as much fun?

Where is the preference share that gives you a thrill every time you sit in it?

How many gilt-edged securities have ever turned the head of a man (or a lady) in the street?

Which property bonds include the sensations of foot-to-the-boards and wind-in-the-hair?

You take the points. But where does this leave you? What if by some mischance, you failed to secure a 1932 MG J.2? Remain calm; if you act quickly, you can still buy a new MGB.

Sadly, when they are sold there will be no more new MGB's. Like the J.2, a B is the epitome of the British sports car – and always will be.

Make no mistake about it: some early models are appreciating in value even as you read.

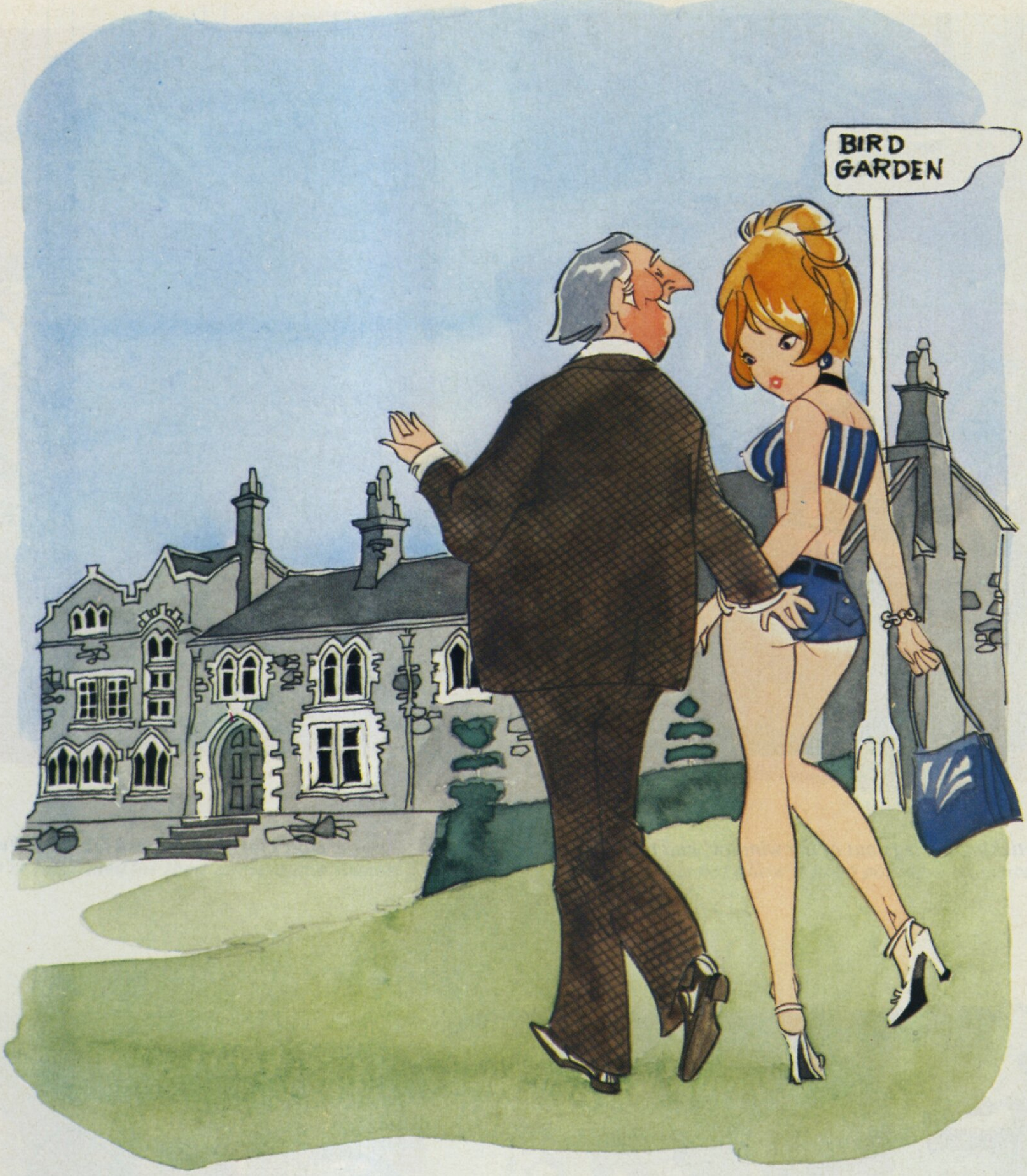
Buy one of the last made, either an MGB Tourer or an MGB GT and in a few years you could be driving around in a fortune.

To find out where the remaining MGB's are for sale contact your local BL showroom or telephone 021-779 2296.

A classic of more modern times, the MGB GT.

The equally timeless lines of the MGB Tourer.

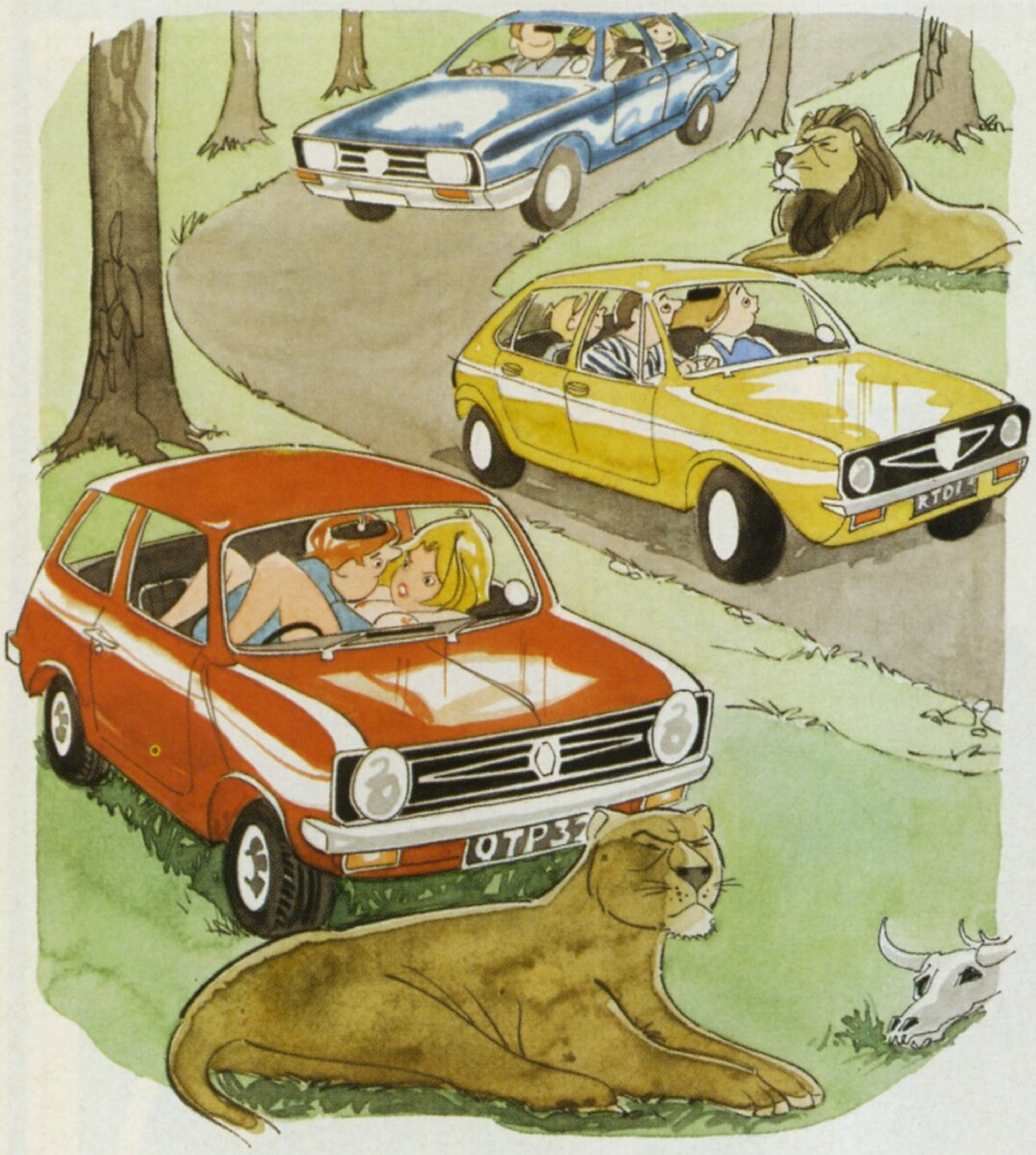
THE MG CAR COMPANY LIMITED.



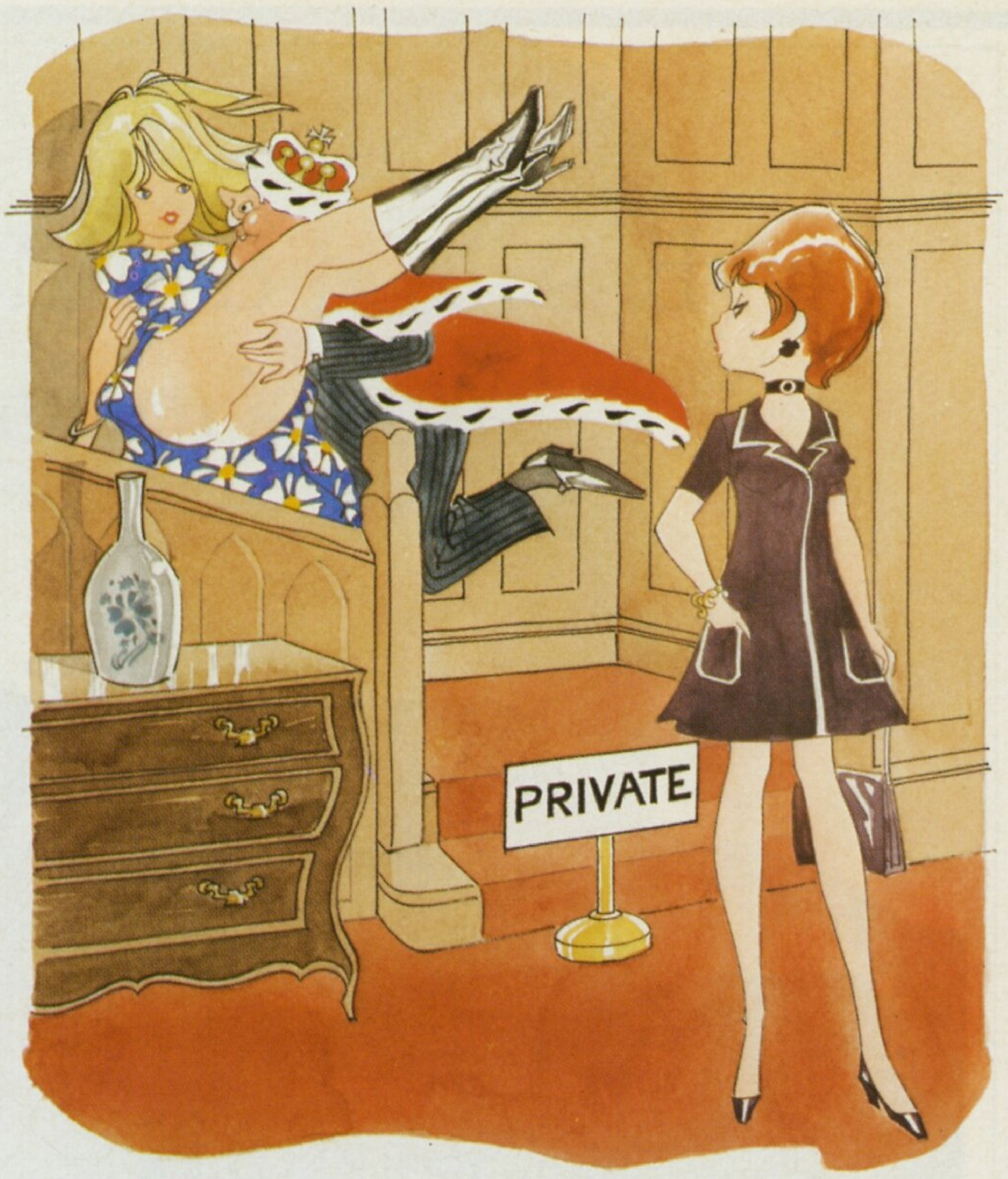
'Now, you must stay overnight and see my family spectre rising.'

UP AT THE BIG HOUSE

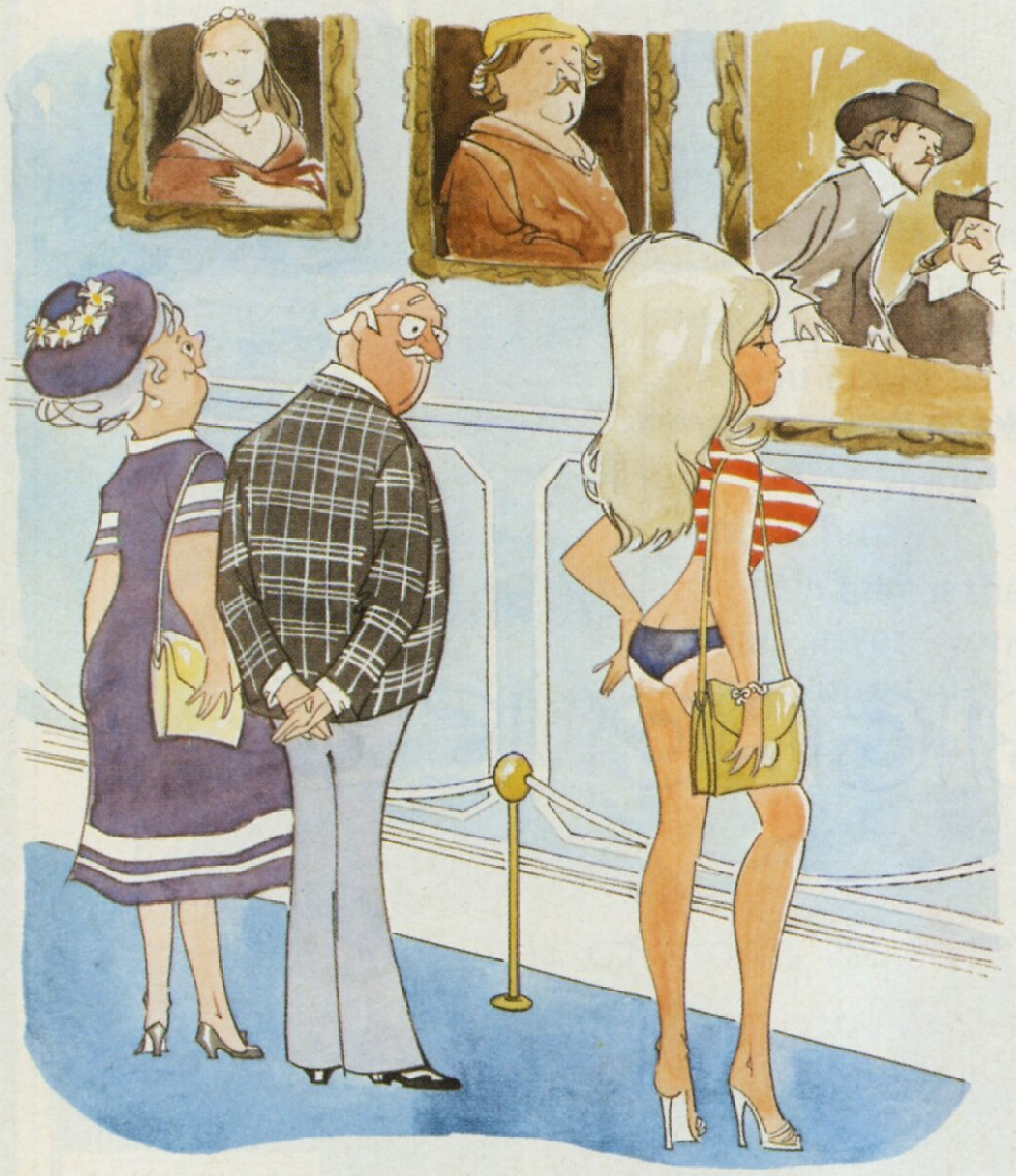
When a stately home opens its doors to the public, cartoonist Paul White says it's time to start lewding it up at the manor



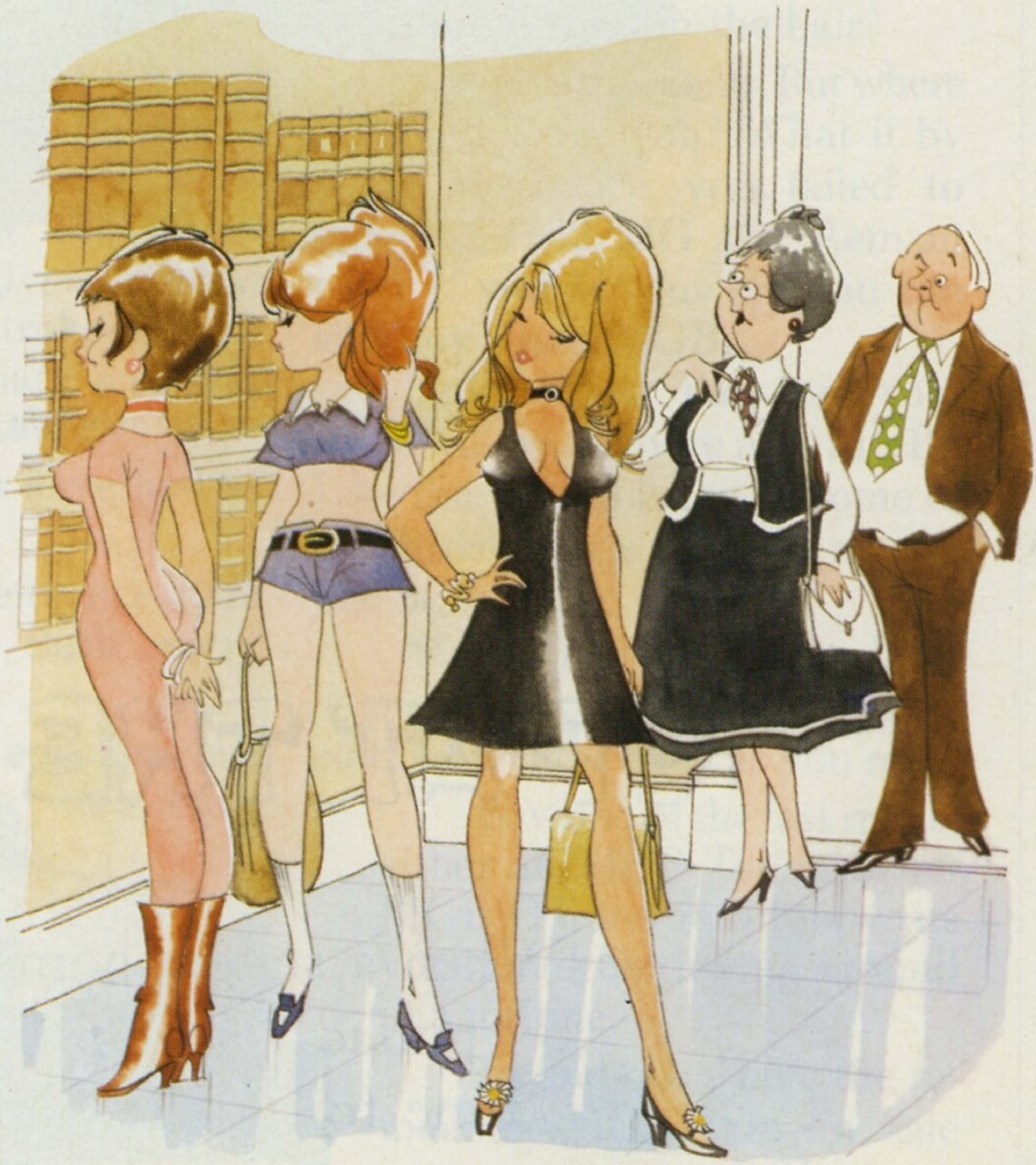
'I am not *sticking my legs out of the window, and that's final.'*



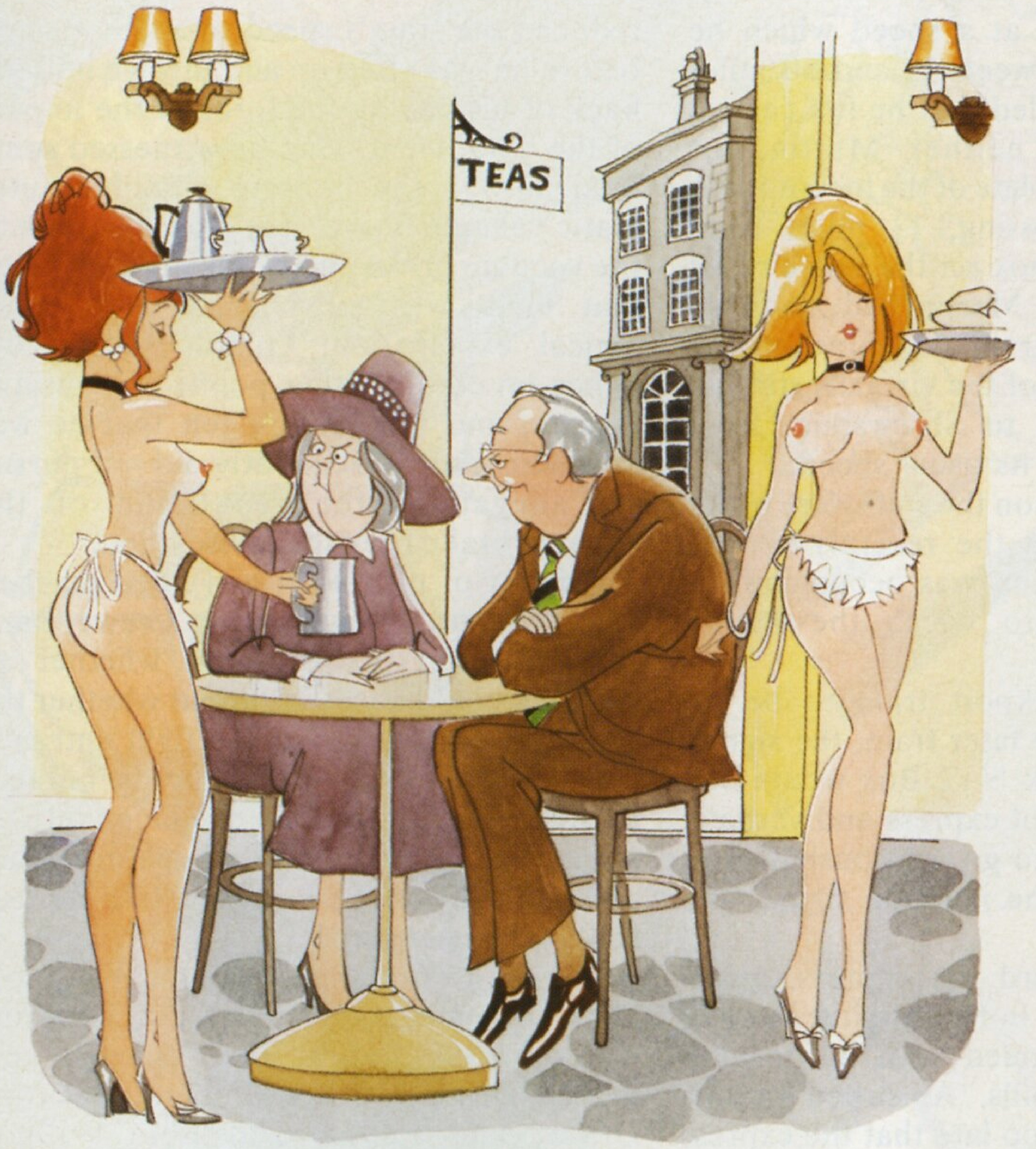
'Don't forget the coach leaves at five, Samantha.'



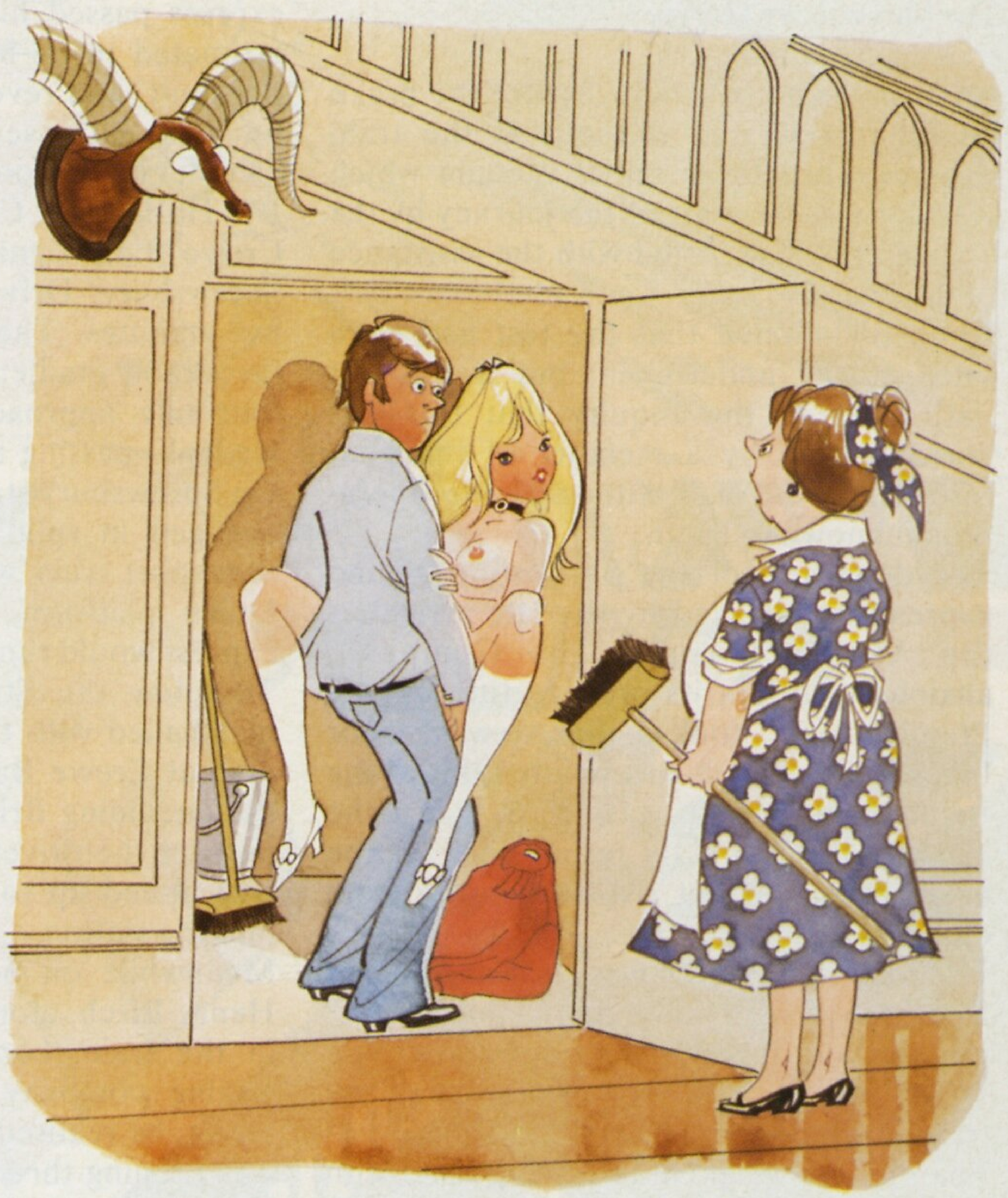
'Don't be silly, Arnold, of course they're not fakes.'



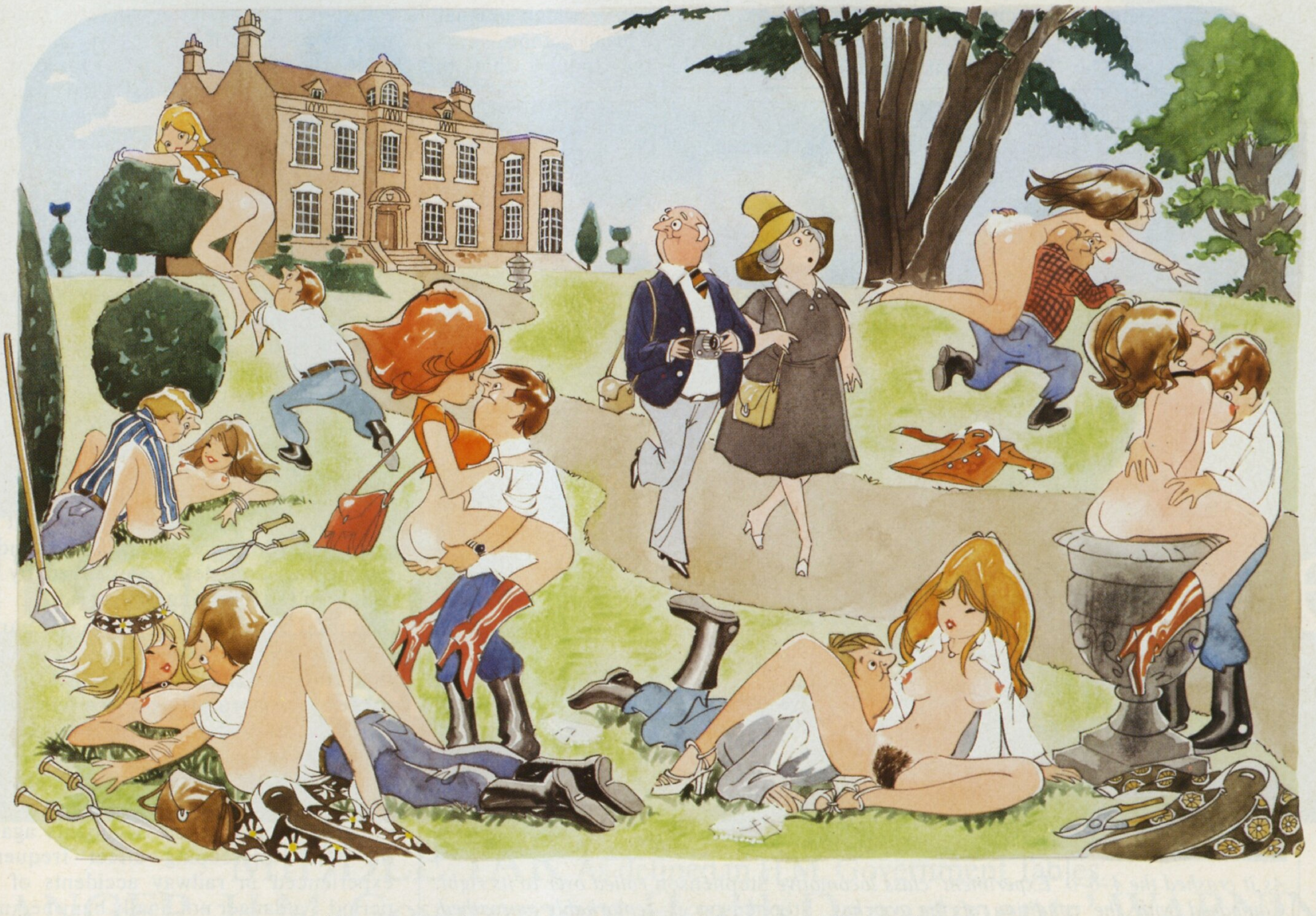
'Goodness, there's plenty in here one could curl up in bed with.'



'Apparently they're renowned for their home-made scones.'



'Visitors is not allow'd to go poking in the cupboards.'



'One would have assumed tending the gardens was a full-time job.'

The Shrewsbury Horror

continued from page 38

bring the train to a halt. Before the brake could be operated it required the train engine to create an initial vacuum which was done at the start of the journey by the engine crew and tested with the assistance of the guard.

Birch maintained that the test had been satisfactorily undertaken; but it was not until later in the Inquiry that this was corroborated, by a member of the platform staff who had witnessed the operation unknown to Birch.

The departure of the Shrewsbury-bound express was delayed by the late arrival of the Aberdeen train. The Company, anxious to retain its prestige title of 'the Premier Line', took a dim view of poor timekeeping, but it was pointed out to the Inquiry that Martin was aware that as he had not been directly responsible for the delay he would not risk suspension from duty and loss of pay.

The road to the south was clear and Driver Martin was well able to regain the lost minutes on the 33-mile journey to the Welsh Border town of Shrewsbury, the train's first scheduled stop.

The express weighed about 392 tons, with the engine. On board were 70 passengers, 10 Post Office sorters, responsible for sorting mail for the morning deliveries, and two guards, with guard Birch responsible for the overall safety of the train.

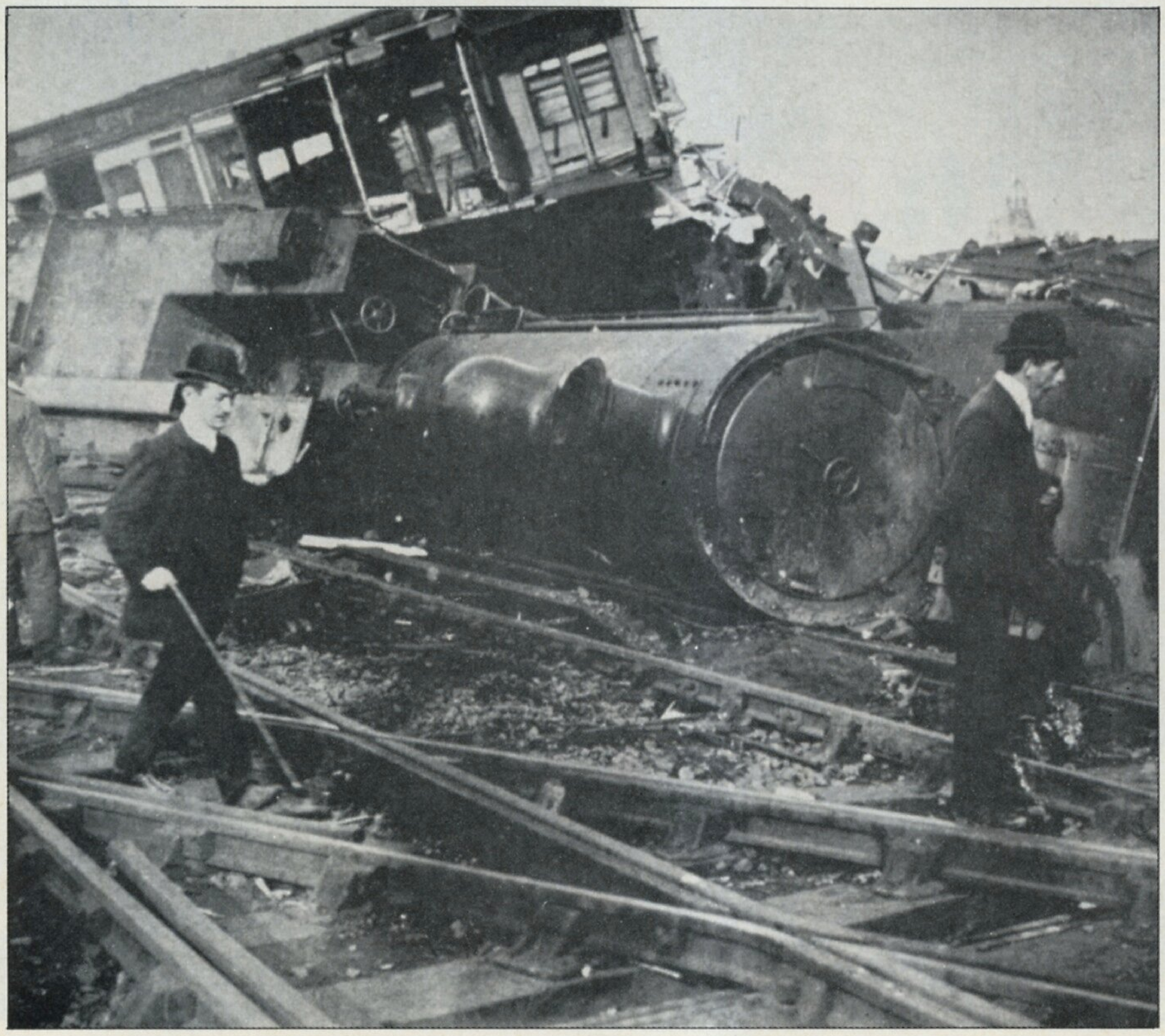
Although the intervening stations of Nantwich and Whitchurch were passed at the train's usual speed of between 50 to 55 miles per hour, Thomas Francis, the signalman at Hadnall Box, four miles from Shrewsbury, told the Inquiry that the express passed him at a speed which he estimated to be between 50 and 60 miles per hour, and revealed that he felt certain he had glimpsed neither Martin nor Fletcher on the footplate of the locomotive. By Harlescott Crossing, 1¾ miles from Crewe Bank signalbox on the outskirts of Shrewsbury, Driver Martin had made up five minutes. The train was now on the favourable gradient of the virtually straight four-mile approach to Shrewsbury from Hadnall, passing at its usual speed.

On Shrewsbury station the staff were busily engaged in splitting the recently arrived Stockport train which was occupying the Down platform into which the Bristol express would run.

To allow the Stockport train to be remarshalled with the later train, the signalman at Crewe Bank No 2 Box would halt the oncoming Bristol express and verbally instruct the driver to go cautiously and at slow speed up to the junction signal, and into the station.

Meanwhile on board the express, guard Henry Birch, alone in his van, last but two in the train, continued with his task of sorting company bills. Absorbed in this chore, he realised too late that the express was running through signals set at danger. He went to apply his vacuum brake and saw that the gauge was already at zero, which implied that the driver had destroyed the vacuum. But the train's brakes, which should have squealed in protest as the iron blocks obediently came into contact with the steel wheel rims, did not work with their usual force. So he wound on his handbrake which manually applied the brakes to his van alone.

Birch later told the Inquiry that this reduced the train's speed to about 40 mph before he was lifted up and thrown into the back of his van by the force of the impact of the derailment. Had he witnessed some fatal flaw in the hitherto infallible automatic vacuum brake? The slow response of the vacuum brake alleged to have occurred that night was inexplicable and defied logical explanation. Guard Birch's evidence on certain other points was unsatisfactory, and the Inquiry felt that he was mistaken and consequently did not pursue his allegation; the reputation of the vacuum brake remained unscathed.



As it crashed the 4–6–0 'Experiment' class locomotive Stephenson *rolled over to its right. Compared with the condition of the coaches,* Stephenson *is remarkably unscathed.*

The point of no return had been reached when the train roared past Crewe Bank Box. The question was not whether an accident could be avoided, but whether the express would derail on the tight entrance curve to the station, or somehow miraculously hold the rails only to plough into an already occupied platform, dealing death and destruction to unsuspecting station staff and passengers.

Witnesses to the final moments in the life of the doomed train included railwaymen on Shrewsbury station, Post Office workers in the nearby Castle Foregate Sorting Office, and Police Constable William James Price of the Borough Police Force.

Constable Price heard the rapid approach of the express and described the unusual noise made by the locomotive. As it passed he saw pieces of fire flying from the funnel, its outline enveloped in steam. He heard a whistle sound about a dozen times and then a terrible rending crash followed by a loud hissing of steam and a sudden glare.

Edwin Ward, signalman in Crewe Junction Box 30 yards from the station, had set the track for the express but had kept his signals at danger pending the completion of the shunting moves in the station. From his position overlooking the junction he watched with horror as the train roared into the bend, but for some unexplained reason he saw no steam or sparks and heard no whistle.

As the locomotive entered the tight entrance curve and attempted to negotiate the junction at what was an impossible speed, the engine and tender left the rails and the disaster followed.

Considering the wholesale destruction of its train, the locomotive was surprisingly unscathed by its derailment and excursion along the ballast, apart from bent axles and other superficial damage. However it had acted as a substantial stopblock as it became embedded in the rail ballast and its tender was completely destroyed by the weight of the following carriages.

The total destruction of the major part of the train, the worst in any accident up to that time, was blamed on the fact that the express had been brought to a halt from a speed of at least 60 mph in a distance of little over half its own length.

With hindsight, it is obvious that the wooden construction of the coaches gave no protection to their occupants against the fatal telescoping effect frequently experienced in railway accidents of the period – a danger not finally banished until

turn to page 106

WORLD LEADER
Rothmans
KING SIZE
BY SPECIAL APPOINTMENT
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Rothmans King Size
THE GREATEST NAME IN CIGARETTES
the best tobacco money can buy
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THE QUEEN'S AWARD FOR EXPORT ACHIEVEMENT TO CARRERAS ROTHMANS LIMITED

MIDDLE TAR As defined in H.M. Government Tables.
DANGER: H.M. Government Health Departments' WARNING:
CIGARETTES CAN SERIOUSLY DAMAGE YOUR HEALTH

PIPPA

PHOTOGRAPHED BY
DONALD MILNE

One of the main problems facing a photographer is finding a good location. But it was no problem with 23-year-old Pippa Forrest – she agreed to be photographed in and around her own home buried deep in rural Sussex. 'It's an Elizabethan house dating from around 1450,' explained Pippa. But she's keeping quiet about the name of the village – the Women's Institute grumbled after her debut in *The Sun*.

In fact, Pippa's 36–23–35 has made several appearances in *The Sun* and she claims to have appeared topless in *The Daily Mirror* more often than any other girl. But strangely, her break into the world of modelling happened just by chance. 'My boyfriend's black Rolls Royce was being used in photographs for a skateboard advertisement. I was at the shoot and someone suggested that I should appear in a couple of the shots. And so it went on from there.' Pippa studied for a fine art degree originally, but now finds herself the subject of artistic studies. And she wasn't even very interested in life study. Landscape was her main forte

Pippa was born in Sussex, but hasn't lived there all her life. 'When I was quite young my mother took me to Tipperary in Southern Ireland. I went to a very orthodox convent in a castle where all the girls had to speak Gaëlic until they were 14. I got a special order allowing me to speak English. I can't speak any Gaelic at all and I've been an atheist since the day I was born.' So now Pippa's a model – a slightly reluctant model, one senses. She'd probably prefer to devote all of her time to her rather beautiful home. 'There's a lot to do here. But I enjoy pottering around the house and doing the garden. I also love our little village and going for a ramble in the countryside with the dogs.' But who takes who for a walk? Pippa's dogs are an Irish wolfhound and an Old English sheepdog. If that's not enough of a handful she also has a few cats roaming around the house. It's hardly surprising days are full for our artist turned model turned zoo keeper.

MAYFAIR'S GIRL OF THE MONTH / PIPPA FORREST

WCRS

320
HYE 234W
GGM 788W

SIX CYLINDERS WHERE YOU'D EXPECT TO FIND FOUR.

SIX CYLINDERS WHERE YOU'D EXPECT TO FIND TWELVE.

BMW's dedication to the six cylinder engine is not a recent phenomenon.

It goes right back to BMW's origin as a specialist engine-maker, rather than a car manufacturer.

In fact, the first engines we ever built were six cylinder aircraft engines.

Later, in the 1950's when conspicuous consumption was almost a status symbol, BMW preferred to stay with efficiency rather than extravagance. And launched a six cylinder luxury car.

Today, in the BMW 320, a car that's scarcely more than 14ft long, there's a sophisticated six cylinder power unit.

And the BMW M1 on the right also needs no more than six cylinders. Even though in its most developed form, the engine can actually produce 800 bhp.

It's not a blind dedication to six that makes us refuse the false economy of a four in the case of the 320. Or the wanton extravagance of a 12 in the case of the M1.

Rather, we take our guidance from the laws of physics.

According to those laws, it is not possible to build an engine that's perfectly balanced with less than six cylinders arranged in-line.

Anything else, is a compromise that may help a car manufacturer balance its books. But won't help it balance its engines.

Which is why every engine BMW make that's two litres or larger, is an in-line six cylinder engine.

Fortunately, there's no need for you to understand the laws of physics to discover the difference this makes.

There's not a trace of roughness as you cruise. Or rawness as you accelerate.

There's a smooth immediacy which motoring journalists normally describe as "turbine-like."

And there's a flexibility which makes driving in traffic almost a pleasure. For with 85% of maximum torque at a mere 1900 rpm you get a responsiveness in fourth gear that you might normally expect only in second gear.

The BMW 320 costs £6,790.

Which is scarcely more than cars whose manufacturers have chosen to compromise on their engines.

And if they're prepared to compromise on the most important part of a car, where will those compromises stop?

B M W

THE ULTIMATE DRIVING MACHINE

THE BMW 3 SERIES STARTS AT £5,355 FOR THE 1.8 LITRE 316. PRICES, CORRECT AT TIME OF GOING TO PRESS, INCLUDE CAR TAX AND VAT BUT NOT DELIVERY OR NUMBER PLATES. (THE 320 ILLUSTRATED IS FITTED WITH OPTIONAL ALLOY WHEELS AND HEADLIGHT WASH/WIPE, AVAILABLE AT EXTRA COST) FOR A 3 SERIES INFORMATION FILE, PLEASE WRITE TO: MARKETING DEPARTMENT, BMW (GB) LTD., ELLESFIELD AVENUE, BRACKNELL, BERKSHIRE RG12 4TA. FOR TAX-FREE SALES: 56 PARK LANE, LONDON W1. RING 01-629 9277.

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Above and right is the Lotus 7. As the company's first production car it appeared in 1957 and paved their way to success both on road and track. Looking sleeker is the red Europa powered by Renault, but above that is the twin-cam unit mid-mounted in later Europas like the white example.

The Lotus is as British as Buckingham Palace, but provides all the excitement of Italian exoticars. It also has links with top F1 racers

PRESSING THE LOTUS PEDAL

Motoring with William Boddy
Photographed by Andrew Morland

Lotus, fast cars always, brain children of the remarkable Colin Chapman, have moved very much upmarket in recent times. Occasionally, today, you see a decidedly sleek, low-slung, drag-defeating Lotus coupé wending its way rapidly through congested traffic or running fast and free along the right-hand lane of a motorway. It is a stirring reminder that it is not essential to buy a Ferrari, Maserati or Lambourghini to have possession of a race-bred, very rapid, road-clinger of a car.

Race-bred I think you may call the present-day Lotus Elite, Eclat and Esprit cars. Race-bred, that is, in the context of Chapman and his engineering team at Hethel knowing, over a period of years, all about building and racing top-class Grand Prix single-seater machinery. But during the racing year recently concluded Team Lotus had a rather miserable Formula One season. However, this must never efface the great run of successes Colin Chapman's cars have had in the past, aided by his genius that consists of bringing out a new F1 racing car season after season.

Enjoying good living, yet an indefatigable

ESSO ESSO ESSO ESSO ESSO ESSO-ESSO

worker, Chapman has oft-times been called a millionaire. Right, I am sure, if you mean a quick million in hand, not necessarily a wage sustained year in, year out, as Paul Getty was used to having it. Whether the gov'nor of Hethel is on a good wicket with these fabulous Elites and Esprits is all a question of how the market holds up, for costly, rather cramped motorcars, in an age of creeping inflation.

Be that as it may, it is a very nice thing that Britain has these cars. They are very fast, very good looking and, handled sensibly, extremely safe. They are the kind of cars that look fast even in repose, that make a young blood's pulse beat faster merely to contemplate them, and an older man's blood warm up at the thought of owning one. I dare say they attact the birds too .

As you would expect of cars engineered by racing builders, with their own aerodrome test track on the factory doorstep, one of the outstanding qualities of any Lotus is its impeccable road holding. Have that, and very potent acceleration, and you have a very safe car, given a reasonable degree of driving skill and discretion. Right from the original Lotus 6, Chapman's cars have had this 'glued-to-the-tarmac' inbuilt safety factor. Having said that, I am sorry to see that all Lotus models are in the highest but one insurance group.

This they share with a sumptuous Rolls-Royce Silver Spirit, for example. Don't ask

Top left: The Elan Sprint which went into production ten years ago. Its top speed is just short of 130 mph. Above: The Lotus Elite was launched in 1959 with a 1216 cc engine which carried it to 112 mph. Right: The Elan Sprint in profile and, above right, the Elite Super 95.

553 RBH

ELAN SPRINT

Pictured on this page is the Lotus Elan Sprint Coupe, 1972 vintage. Its double-overhead-camshaft 1558 cc engine will push this little projectile up to 50 mph in 5.6 seconds. Below it, in gleaming black, is the Elan's stablemate, the +2. This fixed-head-coupe will reach nearly 120 mph and return close to 30 mpg. On the facing page is the current line-up of cars from Lotus. They're a far cry from those early Lotus 7s but are nonetheless true sporting cars. They offer shattering performance allied to super-safe, limpet-like road clinging qualities, plus a degree of sophistication normally found in the more expensive Italian exotica. The top two cars are Lotus Eclats and the red beauty is an Esprit, looking undeniably purposeful.

ELAN SPRINT

me why! Insurers are a law unto themselves when it comes to cars.

The significant thing is that Lotus Cars make their own engines, which is something that almost no other small-output manufacturer of specialist cars can afford to do. After using Coventry-Climax power units for a time – those light-alloy fire-pump engines that made it to the F1 Grand Prix circus, before Ford financed Cosworth – Chapman decided he must have a power pack all his own. He got Harry Munday, late of the Coventry-Climax and Jaguar engineering departments, to design him an efficient cylinder head. He found a Vauxhall cylinder block that answered his needs.

This development of the then-current

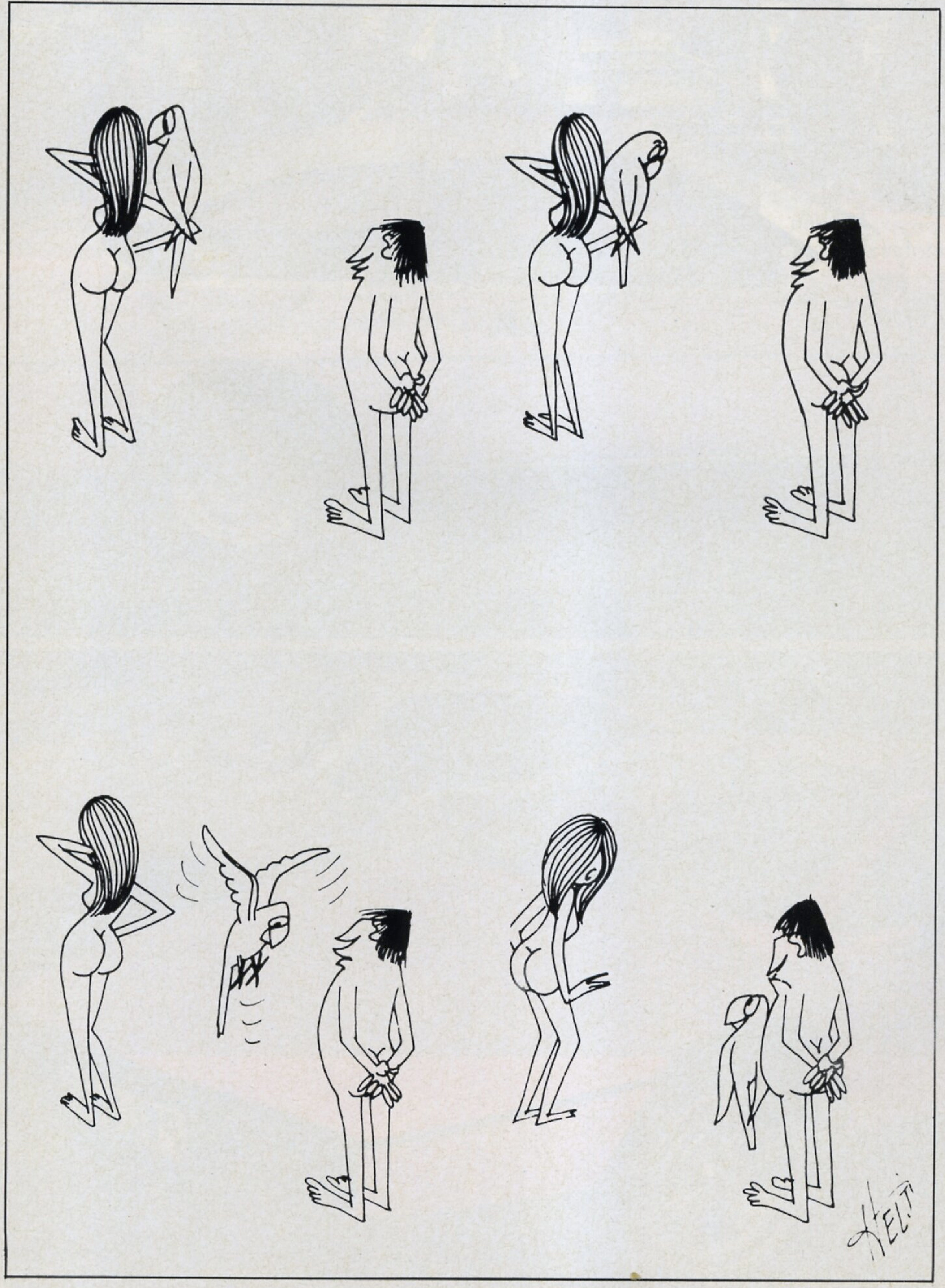
PWL 340T

Vauxhall Victor engine happened in 1967/68. It was a 2-litre unit, and it wasn't long before Colin Chapman had dispensed with the iron cylinder block and made such components in aluminium alloy. He then had a splendid prime-mover, for this was the classic racing-specification engine, with twin overhead camshafts and four valves to each cylinder, or sixteen 'upstairs' valves in all. T'was of the stuff of which the great old green W O Bentleys of Le Mans fame were made, except that Walter Bentley had been content with a single overhead camshaft.

Lotus had this fine engine ready before the new cars for which it was intended. So it was sold off for use in the soon-to-expire Jensen-Healey. The next ploy was to stretch the capacity from the original 2 litres to 2.2 litres, for the Talbot-Sunbeam Lotus rally cars. Up at Hethel they had the means, both financial and machine-tool wise, to manufacture these high-output four-cylinder engines that were so suitable for high-performance machinery. Anyone who dropped one in a car had 160 DIN brake horse power and a torque figure of 135 lb/ft, at respective crankshaft speeds of 6,500 and 5,000 rpm, at their disposal.

The first of Chapman's new-line models that was to have this engine was the Lotus Elite – only the name dating it. In fact, it was 1974 before the new Elite came into being and before that the Suez Crisis and consequent rationing of petrol had given the never-very-happy, mid-engined Lotus Europa a death blow Colin could most probably have done without.

The new Lotus was a very handsome four-seater coupé. Its design had commenced in 1971. The former use of glassfibre for the body was followed, because with such a crippling outlay on making their own engine, you would not expect Lotus to be able to make its own steel or aluminium bodywork. The styling was ingenious and the backbone chassis incorporated all-round independent suspension, using coil springs and wishbones front and back. Pressed-steel was the material of the separate chassis, with the engine up front, driving the back wheels through equal-length drive shafts, located by radius arms. The body had a sort of sporting hatchback look, being in fact a three-door close-coupled estate-coupé, as it were.



A five-speed gearbox was normally used, but if the customer failed to get the Lotus sporting message, he or she could have a Borg Warner self-changer. Lotus Cars set about 'de-toxing' their powerful engine for the North American market and fitting air-conditioning, as an extra the customers could specify. Disc/drum braking, rack-and-pinion steering and a hypoid-bevel final drive completed this latest Lotus Elite. It was an exciting looking car that weighed 2,340 lb at the kerb. It would rush up to 124 mph, devour a quarter-mile from rest in 16½ seconds, and its petrol thirst was not too terrible, at around 25 mpg. There were teething troubles, of course, but sales gradually built up and by the latter part of 1975 Chapman was encouraged to introduce his Eclat, which was a sort of somewhat simplified Elite with a two-seater, or more properly a 2+2, three-door body. The Eclat was a trifle quicker, capable of almost 130 mph.

The next move was to bring out the Lotus Esprit. It was bordering on a sensation. Styled by Giugiaro in the Ital Design studios, it could hardly help itself but ape the best of the great Italian GT coupés. Not only that, but it reverted to Colin Chapman's belief in the mid-engined formation, as he had practised with the Lotus Europa. The mid-placed engine, again the twin-cam, four-in-line job but now of 1,973 cc, is canted over at 45 deg in the backbone chassis and drives a trans-axle with inboard disc brakes – discs all round at last. The transmission is looked after by adapting the five-speed gearbox once used by Citroen for their Maserati-powered, front-engined SM coupé. The wedge body shape is carried out in glass fibre, of course.

Here is a pretty fabulous Lotus, with a maximum speed of about 135 mph. But this was not deemed to be quite enough. So they developed the Turbo Esprit. Not only by thus turbocharging the twin-cam engine in its recently-adopted longer-stroke 2,174 cc form, but doing this turbocharging installation so thoroughly that the expected bogy of turbo-lag as a keen driver opens the throttle suddenly, and the poor low-revs torque of small turbocharged power units, have both been cleverly eradicated.

With the Turbo Esprit Lotus have got the performance of their sleek coupé with its businesslike driving compartment, its small near-horizontal steering-wheel, and its impressive engine with those ribbed cam-covers inscribed with the magic name of this race-winning manufacturer, deserved in the first place. There is now a top pace of some 150 mph or more, with that super-safe road clinging to go with it, in a car that truly cossets the corners.

Such things have to be earned. A Turbo Lotus Esprit will set you back a cool £20,900. However, there is the Eclat at just over £16,000 and the Elite at £16,433. Or you can have a normal (not Turbo-ed I mean) Esprit S for £14,951. Whichever it is you will have purchased exclusive motoring, and you will have the satisfaction of buying a British road-burner.

More, the long, slim, cigarette.
20 Filter Cigarettes
More
FILTER CIGARETTES
120s
More
More

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H.M. Government Health Departments' WARNING:
CIGARETTES CAN SERIOUSLY DAMAGE YOUR HEALTH.

GEORGIE

PHOTOGRAPHED BY ED ALEXANDER

It was quite a problem to photograph Georgie. The trouble is she's an inveterate giggler of the highest order. To say that she's got a sense of humour is more than an understatement, and when Georgie starts to think up a new practical joke to play on someone her whole 35–23–36 body begins to quiver and shake.

Eighteen-year-old Georgie Rimmington remembers her favourite practical joke. 'I played it on one of my old teachers. He was a real pig and always used to pick on me. So one night I decided to get my own back. I got his dustbin and balanced it on its edge so that it leaned against his front door. Then I filled it up as much as I could from his garden hose, and rang the doorbell and hid behind a car in the street. Sure enough, he opened the door and all the contents of the bin went flooding into his hall. Wicked wasn't it, but he deserved it.' He may well have done, but what had the poor boy with two black eyes done to deserve his misfortune when he tried out some boot polish covered binoculars chained to a shop front in Reading?

Georgie lives in the Tilehurst area of Reading and works in a clothes shop which mostly sells jeans, although if her manager knew half the things Georgie got up to she'd probably get the sack. There are days when Georgie deliberately gives female customers a pair of jeans one size too small. 'It's so funny listening to them groan about their weight or to watch them heaving away trying to get them on. Blokes are more shy than girls when it comes to trying things on, so sometimes when I think they're down to their socks and pants I pull open the doors of the cubicle and ask how they're getting on.' But one of her boyfriends had the last laugh recently when he offered Georgie some popcorn in the cinema – it wasn't popcorn in the bottom of the carton which he had placed on his lap.

Years ago a visit to the barber meant 'short back and sides' and 'something for the weekend'. Now, in these days of unisex salons, having your hair cut by a woman is an erotic experience as you sit back, relax and fantasise

Haircuts can grow on you

Humour by Tom Holborn

She appeared behind me, resting her elbows on the back of my seat, and for a few moments we both studied each other's reflections in the mirror. She was well worth studying. Her name, according to a little silver badge pinned to her right breast, in the reflection of the mirror, was AƧƧƎИAV. She would have been about twenty-two years old, and very blonde, her hair swept back in that tossed impulsive way that takes three hours of intense styling, and costs the price of a dinner for two at *The Ritz*.

My eyes were drawn back to her little name badge, and then instinctively lingered over the soft curves of her breasts under a blue lambswool sweater. Two dark nipples, faintly discernible beneath the wool, shifted hypnotically as she moved behind me. I felt like jumping up, throwing her over my shoulder, and running off with her.

'What did you have in mind?' she said at last. A surprisingly deep voice for a young girl, slightly husky, and uncomfortably arousing. I raised my eyebrows at her rather leading question, and tried to grin beguilingly. In the mirror it came out like a lecherous leer. 'I thought I'd put myself in your hands,' I said.

She nodded thoughtfully, never once taking her eyes off my reflection. 'How about something really unusual?' she suggested temptingly. A faint rogue-ish smile played about her lips, and as she moved closer to me her left breast softly nudged the back of my head.

'How unusual do you mean?' I said carefully.

Now her face broke into a proper grin, and her perfect teeth gleamed between her perfect lips as she shook with laughter. Two soft dimples creased her smooth cheeks. Her breasts did a delicate little rumba beneath the lambswool, and AƧƧƎИAV had to hang on for dear life.

'Don't look so worried,' she laughed. 'I won't do anything that you don't like. I just meant, how about a change, something different? I could make you into a new man.'

Looking at myself in the mirror, I could certainly see room for improvement, especially contrasted against the beautiful girl behind me. This was supposed to be the best hairdresser's in London – it was certainly one of the most expensive – and so I thought I might as well get value for money.

'Yes,' I said gradually. 'I could do with a change of image.'

She sank two beautifully manicured hands into my hair and ruffled it experimentally. Her blood-red nails scratched lightly across my scalp. 'Let's go and get your hair washed,' she said decisively, 'and when you get back, I'll turn you into Robert Redford.'

'Won't that involve plastic surgery?' I said, standing up, and suddenly realising just how small Vanessa was. She asked me to follow her to the rear of the salon, and as she led the way I was able to study her more closely. She was wearing very, very tight blue denims – ordinary jeans, the sort you see every day – but the neat controlled swell of her buttocks and her firm slim hips transformed them into something almost indecently sensual and smouldering. It was a relief when she passed me over to another girl who would wash my hair.

This girl – her left breast said that her name was Sandra – was only ordinarily gorgeous by comparison, and I was able to calm down a little, and relax. I sank into a chair that backed onto a low sink, and she began to wash my hair thoroughly, one of her warm ample breasts on either side of my face. It was a most disconcerting feeling, laying there and feeling the body of this girl pressing against the whole length of mine. It was all I could do to stop myself running a hand up her gingham overall.

In an effort to control myself, I let my mind wander and thought about the extraordinary changes in the hairdressing business over the past fifteen years.

I'd never been very fond of having my hair cut in the past, having been put off I suppose by the sort of men's hairdresser that you used to get in Britain years ago. You remember the sort – those square-shouldered, military-looking men in their short white jackets who always used to lean resentfully in their doorways when they didn't have a customer. You had to sidle past them into their narrow little shops, and they always gave you an 'about bloody time' glare, and then asked you what you wanted – 'a trim, or a short back and sides?' – and then went at your hair like an itinerant Queensland sheep-shearer. You would emerge after fifteen minutes of bitter humiliation like an escapee from one of Solzhenitzin's labour camps, vowing never to go back, and eventually, never to go to a hairdresser at all. That was how the long-haired 'swinging London' era was born. It was never meant as a conscious revolt against society. It evolved simply because young men were sick to death of being mowed like next door's lawn.

With the Swinging-Sixties came a new word to the hairdressing fraternity – unisex. A unisex hairdresser was one where women and men were equally welcome, and where men could find the mixture of sensitivity and imaginative flair that women had been getting for over 200 years.

If you've never been to a unisex hairdresser, then there are some things you ought to know before you decide to go. Firstly, and most importantly, you must be prepared for the fact that the place will be full of girls. Ignore that reassuring sign in large black letters in the window – UNISEX. Don't be fooled by those photographs of men with newly-cut hair that they always put in their windows. Even in these liberated days, a hairdressing salon is still very much female territory. When I first went to a unisex salon in the West End, I couldn't have caused more consternation if I'd walked into a ladies toilet. The last man in that place had been an electrician called in to mend a dryer.

Once inside, you will be asked to go to a changing-room. It is apparently impossible these days to have a haircut unless you strip to the waist and put on a kimono. You have to put it on backwards like a straight-jacket, so that your neck and back are bare. It won't fit you – they have all been designed with Twiggy, or possibly Lena Zavaroni, in mind – but they will insist on you wearing it.

Then, when you enter the salon, you will see the advantage, from a purely male point of view, of the brevity of these kimonos. You will enter an up until now forbidden world of feminine intimacy, a world of half-glimpsed breasts, long white arms, and deeply plunging backs. The kimonos are short, even on small girls, and you pass rows and rows of legs, all reflected back, like something out of a Busby Berkley musical.

It is all a million light years away from

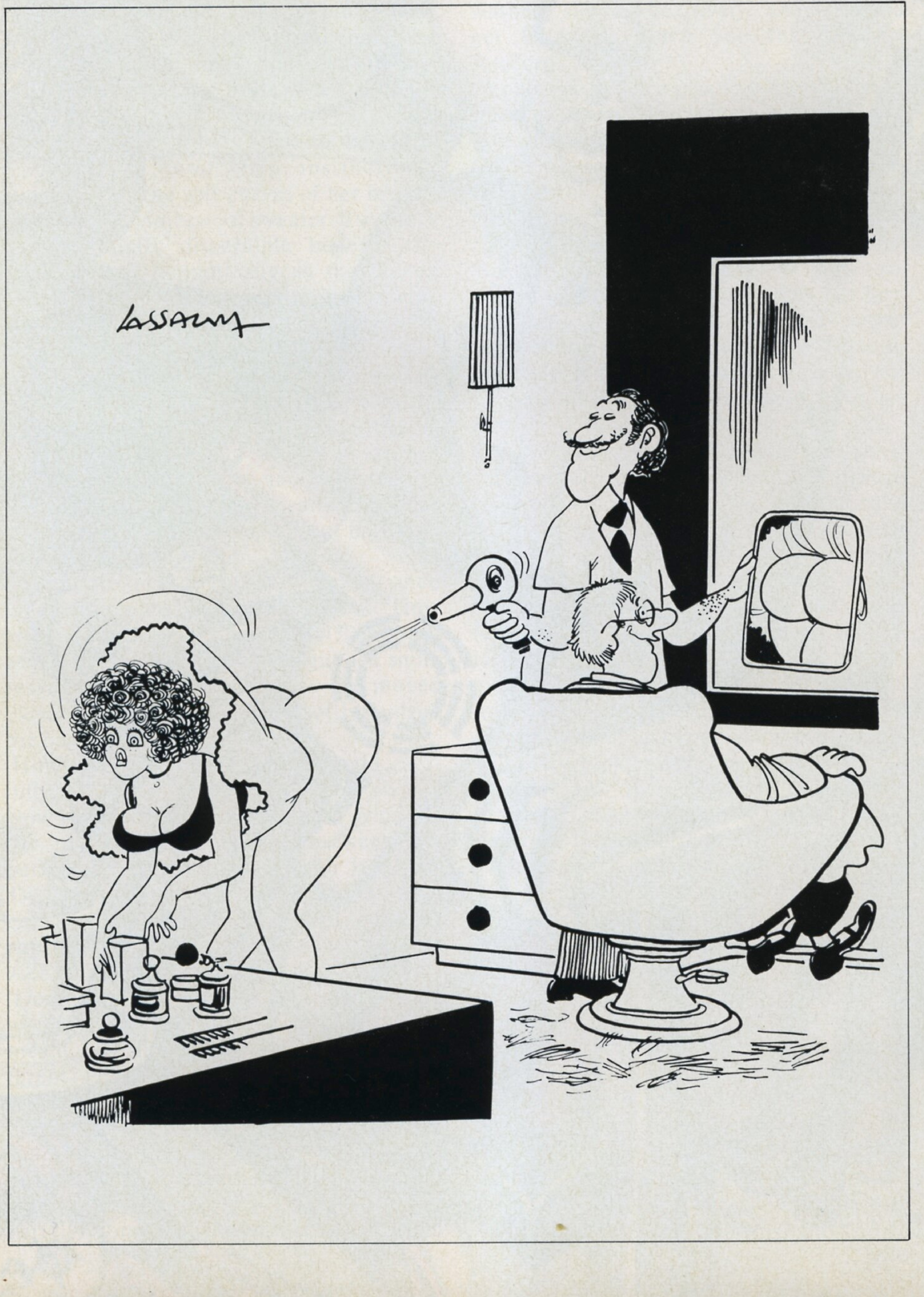
ILLUSTRATION BY KEN LAIDLAW

those dingy little barber shops that stank of cheap hair-cream, and where, beneath the whine of uncompromising clippers, the talk was of football and politics and how many contraceptives you wanted for the weekend. The talk in a modern unisex salon covers everything from modern jazz to hang-gliding holidays in Mexico. Some girls outrageously boast of sexual escapades in that sort of *sotto voce* that everyone can hear, while others simply relax back and bathe in the aura of pampered luxury. Years ago, a haircut was something essential, like a visit to the dentist. There was nothing pleasurable in it. Now it has become a social event.

I started talking once to a man in the next chair – there is a feeling of camaraderie among the few men that you get in these places and you tend to huddle together, and swap experiences, and promise to keep in touch afterwards – and he told me that he came for 'a trim' every week, simply because he liked to have his hair brushed by the same beautiful young girl. Her name was Noona, and she was a full-bodied Oriental-looking beauty. Later, when I heard her speak, I could definitely detect a trace of the East in her accent. Bow perhaps, or Stepney. Anyway, this chap was getting very concerned because his hair was getting shorter and shorter, and soon there wouldn't be anything left to cut. That's how addictive the modern hairdressers are. Three weeks after a haircut you start getting withdrawal symptoms.

All this, and more, I thought about, nestled in the warm fragrant valley of Sandra's breasts, until a huge fluffy towel was wrapped around my head, and I was led back to Vanessa.

Having your hair cut by a woman is an unavoidably erotic experience, for both of you. If you're sitting in a chair and she's standing up, then the chances are that your face is going to be level with her breasts, and they will nuzzle up against you like little warm animals. Her hips will often lean on the arms of the chair, and sometimes her stomach will accidently press against the hand that you have carelessly placed there. What with that, and the constant brushing of your hair, the musky aroma of her body, and the view in the mirror in front of you – both of her, and the other half-dressed girls wandering about – nature is bound to take its course. Certainly nature had by the time Vanessa had finished cutting my hair, and I was left with an erection lying in my lap like a constable's truncheon.



'Right!' Vanessa said, stepping back, and for one dreadful moment I thought she was going to ask me to stand up. I frantically tried to remember if the kimono was long enough to hide the bulging erection beneath my trousers. But all she said was: 'I'll get someone to dry your hair now,' and 'Would you like some coffee?'

By now I was so weak that I would have said yes to anything. A relatively plain girl – she looked like Britt Ekland – brought me an exellent cup of real coffee, and then a very tall, very slim red-head appeared behind me with Vanessa and was told how my hair was to be dried. When the two of us were left alone, she turned the drier on and began to style my hair with soft rhythmic brushing.

'You're not wearing a name-badge,' I said, staring closely at both of her superb, sweatered breasts.

'I'm going through an identity crisis!' she replied drily. This seemed to set the mood for any further conversation that we might have, and so I just sat back and concentrated on her breasts. Ella Fitzgerald suddenly started to croon out of a hidden speaker somewhere behind me – she was feeling bewitched, bothered and bewildered. Ella and I had a lot in common that day.

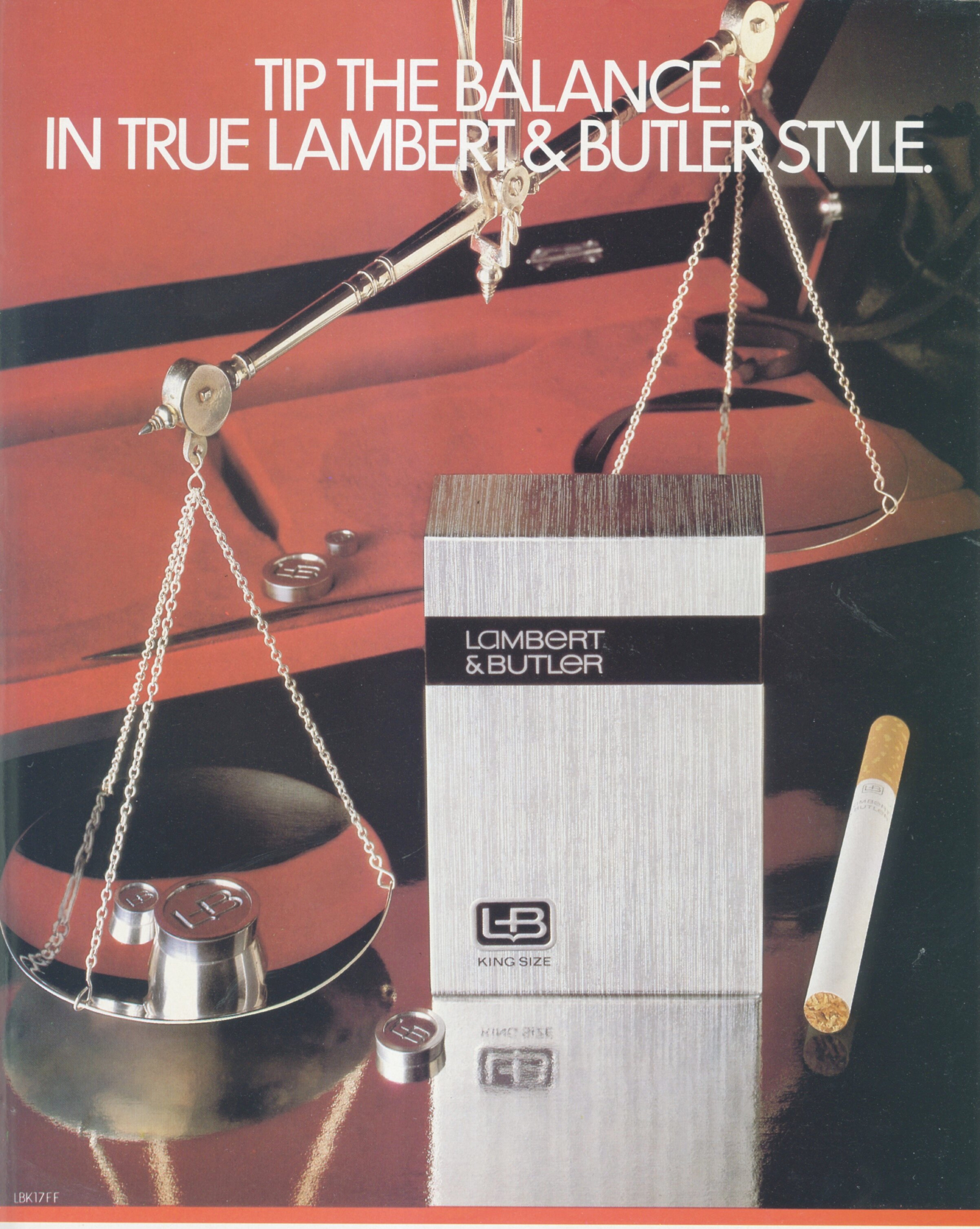
It didn't take the red-head long to dry my hair – there wasn't much left to dry – and then Vanessa returned for a final tidy up and inspection.

'There!' she said triumphantly, stepping back and letting me admire her handiwork. 'Doesn't that look better!'

I had to admit that it did. She had turned my hair into Robert Redford as she had promised. It was a shame that my face still looked like Frankie Howerd.

By a series of careful thought processes – to contemplate an ice-cold shower and a long run across open rain-drenched moorland usually works with me – I'd managed to get my erection down to a respectable size by the time I had to stand up, and I found that by walking slowly, and limping slightly towards the left, I could move about quite comfortably.

The girl behind the reception counter smiled apologetically as she passed me the bill – as well she might – £10.50 plus 30p for the coffee! Then, before I quite knew what was happening, I was out on the pavement feeling the cold air around my neck and ears. I was in a walking daze for hours afterwards, still trapped between Sandra's warm breasts, still hypnotised by Vanessa's dark half-seen nipples, still wondering what the tall red-head's name was, and then, inevitably, like the man I'd met, how long I'd have to leave it, for appearances sake, before I could go back for another haircut? Three weeks? Two weeks maybe? Tomorrow? As I said, having a haircut can definitely grow on you.


TIP THE BALANCE.
IN TRUE LAMBERT & BUTLER STYLE.
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& BUTLER
LB
KING SIZE
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BUTLER
LBK17FF

MIDDLE TAR As defined in H.M. Government Tables.

DANGER: H.M. Government Health Departments' WARNING: CIGARETTES CAN SERIOUSLY DAMAGE YOUR HEALTH

BATH WITH A FRIEND
VEUVE DU VERNAY
VEUVE DU VERNAY

Gentlemen, that reminds me…

A round-up of after-dinner jokes

A man went to the doctor and said: 'Doctor, doctor, I've got a terrible sexual problem.'
'What is it?' said the doctor.
'Every time I put it in a little way I go completely dumb,' said the man, 'and when I put it in a long way I go blind as well.'
'This is serious,' replied the doctor, 'you'd better get it out. I'd better have a look at it.'
With that the man slowly exposed his tongue.

A new salesman joined the company and he was extremely successful, but when his expenses came in they included the item:
To fucking, £100.
The marketing manager did not want to lose one of his best men so he called him to one side and said: 'Look, I don't mind you having a bit on the side, but be a bit more tactful about it because the expenses are handled by my secretary. Tell you what, in future put it down as: To shooting with clients. I'll know what it is and allow it in the normal way.'
This system worked quite well for about six months. Then suddenly for two months it stopped. When it started again there were two items:
To shooting with clients, £100.
Urgent repairs to gun, £100.

What do you have if you have a green ball in your right hand and a green ball in your left hand?
The total and undivided attention of The Jolly Green Giant.

A German industrialist was being shown over the docks at Liverpool by the local scouse shop steward. At one stage the German stopped and said: 'Of course in my country, vis zis equipment, von man can unload ten tonnes ov steel in von day!'
'Oh that's nothing,' said the shop-steward. 'Last time I was in your country I unloaded 100 tonnes of steel in four minutes.'
The German visitor stood back aghast, and exclaimed in total disbelief: 'Dat ist impossible! Vot sort of machine were you using?'
'A Lancaster bomber.'

An Australian army recruit had spent six months training in the outback and when he returned to base camp he approached his platoon sergeant and said that he needed a woman.
'There are no women here,' said the sergeant. 'But at the back of the camp there's an ostrich compound. Take an ostrich into the desert and when it buries its head into the sand, mount it.'
He took his sergeant's adivce, but as he mounted the ostrich it took its head out of the sand and galloped off. A week later the recruit staggered back into camp with a broken arm, torn leg muscles and badly blistered feet.
'Where the 'ell 'ave you been?' bellowed the sergeant.
'Well I took your advice, Sergeant,' said the recruit. 'I mounted the ostrich, but it went and galloped off. The first ten miles were marvellous, but then I got out of step.'

'I'm very curious,' said a chap to his friend. 'Did you manage to get your end away last night on your date with the Siamese twins?'
'To be honest with you. Yes and no.'

During a wild party at a friend's country estate, the attractive city girl strolled outside for some fresh air. She came across a grassy meadow and lay down to watch the stars.
She was just nodding off to sleep when a large milking cow, searching for clover, stepped over her. Groggily, she raised her head and said: 'One at a time, boys. One at a time.'

Two Irishmen were waiting outside an office for an interview. The first one went in and the boss asked him which was his left hand and which was his right. Taking a lucky guess, he came up with the right answer and got a job. On the way out the Irishman gave his fellow countryman a quick piece of advice: 'All he asks you is, "which is my left hand and which is my right?".'
So the other Irishman walks confidently into the office and sits down. But he notices that the boss is over by the sink washing his hands. 'Rotten bugger,' says the Irishman. 'He's shuffling them.'

What's black and yellow, lives underground and eats stone? A black and yellow underground stone-eater.

A nun was wandering round the garden when Lusty, the faithful gardener, took a randy turn, grabbed her, undressed her and pushed her into the bushes, whereupon she fainted.
When the nun awoke she dashed off and told the mother superior who listened patiently, then shook her head and said: 'Pity, you missed the best part.'

If you dug a hole in Regents Park right through the centre of the earth and out the other side, then dropped a stone down the hole would it come out at Sydney or Melbourne?
It wouldn't come out at all – the black and yellow underground stone-eater would get it!

Lady Hamilton, history recalls
Was one of Horatio's dolls
She showed no alarm
At one eye, and one arm
And was glad of one cock and two balls

Share your after-dinner anecdotes. Send them to 'Jokes', Mayfair Magazine, 95A Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ. There are free subscriptions for readers whose jokes are selected. Due to the extremely high postal charges we no longer acknowledge receipt of jokes. Individual subscription winners are notified by letter as to when their subscription starts. In the event of duplication among those jokes submitted the Editor's decision on the awarding of a subscription is final

"Well, they said anything could happen."
SMIRNOFF
1877
1886
1882
1896
PURVEYORS TO THE IMPERIAL RUSSIAN COURT 1886-1917
VODKA
Remember, whatever happens, don't overdo it.

Corrine

PHOTOGRAPHED BY
ROY BREWINGTON

She's young, she's beautiful, she's intelligent . . . in fact, she's almost too good to be true. 'It could never be said I was too good', corrects 20-year-old Corrine Gerrard in her almost perfect English. 'After all if I was too good would I be in *Mayfair*?'

Corrine is from Lyon, but at the moment she is living in Paris, studying to be a piano teacher. 'I will teach in what you call a grammar school. But here in France the schools are much more strict. I could never model in a French magazine otherwise I might not get a job. It is stupid I know but that is the way it is here in France.' Luckily, regular *Mayfair* photographer Roy Brewington lives in Paris and his chance meeting with Corrine meant she could realise her ambition of seeing her 36–25–36 figure in print. But it seems a strange combination of ambitions to want to be a piano teacher and top glamour model. 'Strange. I don't think so. You see, I like to be in the middle of things, you know, which is why I play the piano. I like to perform for people and that is why I like to model. I think my figure is quite good and I have a lot of desire. Do you know what I mean? It gives me a lot of sexual pleasure to have my body looked at.'

Would it be fair to call Corrine a bit of an exhibitionist? 'I suppose so', she admits. 'I like to wear blouses with a lot of buttons undone. And when I go on holiday I would never go anywhere that I had to wear a bikini. I like to lie back in the sun, close my eyes and spread my legs just a little. I day-dream about who might be looking at me and sometimes I just let my fingers brush lightly up and down, and I thank God that girls don't get big, you know. I am terrible, yes?' Terrible, no. Just tell us how to find the beach you sun-bathe on so that we can enjoy your light-fingered touch. 'Oh no I would prefer you saw my light-fingered touch on the piano. You would find that far more arousing.' Rousing is the word we think you mean Corrine.

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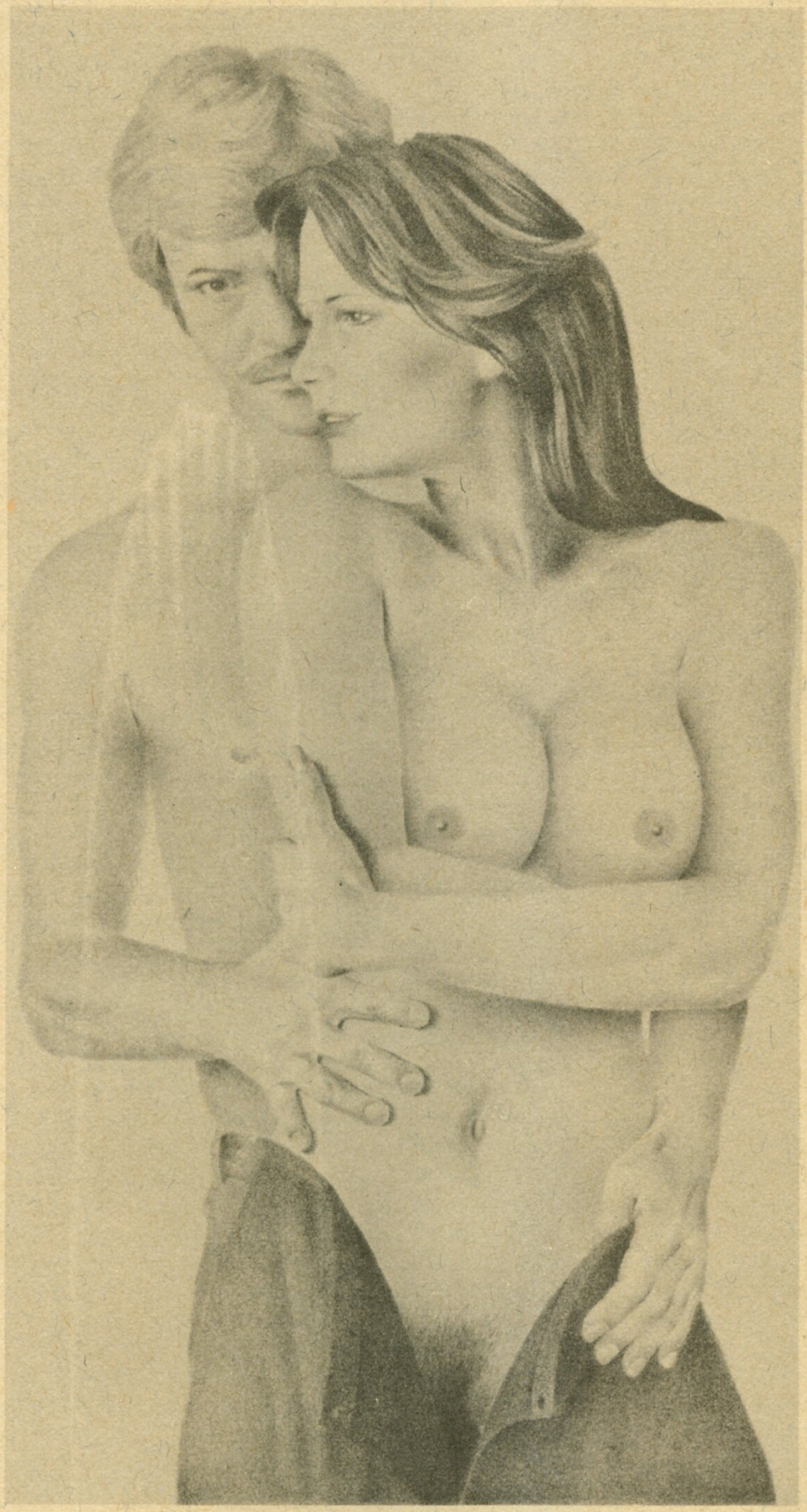

QUEST

The laboratory of human response

Volume Thirteen

The way to a woman's heart, if not her body, need not be through tenderness, or consideration. There are those women who are captivated by the exact opposite. This month we talk to three further women whose resistance has melted in the face of men who have treated them roughly in intercourse, both verbal and sexual.

INTERVIEWS

(In the interviews that follow, all names have been changed, since interviewees are guaranteed absolute anonymity. The places of origin, where stated, are not necessarily the places where the interviewees are now resident.)

One **Housewife, 38 years old, town of origin Taunton**

This interviewee lives in Surrey and is the wife of a bank manager. She does not work and they have one son who lives away from home.

Quest: Do you regard your sex life as satisfactory?

Housewife: You mean with my husband?

Quest: Yes.

Housewife: Yes, well, I suppose so.

Quest: You don't sound very sure.

Housewife: It is satisfactory, or as satisfactory as any of our friends' sex lives, from what the wives tell me. But I wouldn't call it exciting. The appropriate word would be comfortable, like most middle-aged couples. We still have sex fairly regularly.

Quest: Have you had any other affairs apart from the one you spoke about earlier?

Housewife: That wasn't an affair, just a one-off thing. It won't happen again. But the answer is no. In fact I was a virgin when I married and Kevin, my husband, is the only man I've ever gone to bed with, apart from Alan, of course.

Quest: How did your affair, sorry relationship, with Alan happen?

Housewife: I don't really know myself. I'm still trying to work that out, nearly two years later. I wasn't looking for sex outside my marriage. It just happened. The only reason I can really think of is that it was the contrast that appealed to me.

Quest: Between Alan and your husband, you mean?

Housewife: Yes. Kevin is a very good husband, helps me round the house, kind and generous and I do love him. But with Alan it was something completely different. He was rough, ill-mannered and just a lout really. But I suppose that's what attracted me to him – his roughness. At the time I found it exciting and I didn't want him to stop. It's only when I think back on what happened that I'm horrified. But to be honest it still gives me a feeling of excitement when I think of it.

Quest: How did it all begin?

Housewife: It started when we were having our loft extended. Kevin wanted to have it widened so we could turn it into a billiards room. That's his great hobby, billiards.

Anyway, he arranged for a local contractor to do the work. There were a group of men working on the loft and I have to admit that I used to flirt with them, but in a totally harmless way, of course, or I thought it was harmless. I made them tea and took them biscuits and they would jokingly chat me up, pretend to ask me out for a drink, that sort of thing. Very innocuous. But then when the work was nearly finished Alan came on his own just to do the last few bits and pieces.

Quest: Had you noticed him before when he was with the others?

Housewife: Yes, I had the impression that he was always staring at my body through my dress, sort of mentally undressing me. He didn't say anything, but I could see it in his eyes. I also noticed that he did have a very strong-looking body. When he stripped off to the waist I saw he was very muscular But apart from that I didn't distinguish him from the others, just a rough workman.

Quest: Were you attracted to him at that time?

Housewife: No, I wasn't.

Quest: Did you flirt with him?

Housewife: No more than I had been with the others, like I told you. Besides, flirting is too strong a word for it, really.

Quest: How did your relationship progress from this subtle flirting to actual sex?

Housewife: The kitchen tap started it.

Quest: The tap? Please explain.

Housewife: It jammed on, somehow, and I couldn't turn it off. So I called Alan down and asked him to turn it off for me. He did so and I said something like: 'Oh, you've got strong hands haven't you.' It was something simple like that. And he offered to show me what else he could do with them.

Quest: What was your response?

Housewife: It sounds awful now, but I asked him what else he could do with them?

Quest: Did you realise what he was implying?

Housewife: Yes, I'm not a fifteen-year-old schoolgirl. I knew what he meant, but I felt strangely excited. I think it was the thrill of flirting with a rough, muscular workman who was already stripped to the waist.

Quest: What did he do?

Housewife: He grabbed me roughly and kissed me hard on the mouth, pushing his tongue into my throat.

Quest: How did you respond?

Housewife: It didn't seem real. I knew what was happening but it still didn't seem real. But at the same time I found it strangely exciting. I could smell the sweat on his body and it felt very good to have his strong arms round me.

Quest: Did he go any further than kiss you?

Housewife: A bit. He moved his hands down behind me and started squeezing and kneading my bottom, grabbing it hard and roughly, but it felt good. Then he moved his hands round to the front and rubbed and squeezed my boobs through my dress. I felt myself begin to melt, it felt so good. I had to stop it there or go all the way, I realised. So I told him my husband was due home any minute and he let me go.

Quest: Did he say anything?

Housewife: He just said he'd be back to finish off the next day. I wasn't sure how to take that, but I was glad to see him go. And by the time Kevin did get home I'd dismissed it as a foolish bit of fun.

Quest: Did you tell Kevin?

Housewife: I didn't think there was anything to tell him. But he must have noticed I was acting differently because he said I was very animated that evening. But he didn't suspect anything.

Quest: Did you think about what happened with Alan?

Housewife: Yes. I couldn't help thinking about it. I was frightened but at the same time it had me very excited. I kept imagining his rough hands travelling all over my body, probing my secret places. And to be honest I touched myself down there when I had a bath that night.

Quest: You masturbated?

Housewife: Yes. I was so excited. That's something I hadn't done for years.

Quest: What happened the following morning?

Housewife: Alan came back to finish the work. And we had sex.

Quest: Had you planned that?

Housewife: No. I had decided not to take things any further, but I did feel very nervous while I was waiting for him, after Kevin had left for work. But when he arrived I felt excited all over again and didn't know what to do. But it wasn't up to me, really, because Alan took things into his own hands.

Quest: You mean he raped you?

Housewife: Oh no. He took me roughly, but it wasn't rape. I think he would have stopped if I'd really wanted him to. But the awful thing is that I didn't want him to stop.

Quest: Please tell us what happened.

Housewife: He came to the kitchen door and I let him in. He immediately asked me if I wanted to carry on where we left off yesterday and I told him I didn't know what he meant. I started to walk away in case he saw how excited I was, but he followed me into the living room. Then he pulled me into his arms and told me he knew I was dying for it and he was just the man to give it to me.

Quest: What did you do?

Housewife: As soon as he grabbed me and I felt his arms round me I knew that was it. I wanted him, and I wanted to feel him using my body, thrusting his roughness into me. I just melted, like those heroines in novels. It sounds corny, but I suppose it was because I'd never been treated like that before. You know, used. Even before I was married, men I'd been out with were middle-class gentlemen. They asked me before they kissed me. That sort of thing. But Alan was just a basic man, he wanted me just for sex, and it excited me.

Quest: What did he do?

Housewife: He kissed me full on the mouth then he ripped open my dress. It was the kind that buttons up the front, but he didn't worry about buttons. I was left standing there in my bra and pants, and they didn't stay on for long. He ripped them off as though they were paper and stood there staring at my body. I was naked in front of him, excited and scared at the same time. I didn't know what he was going to do.

Quest: Was he violent?

Housewife: Oh no. Not violent. Rough and forceful, but not nasty.

Quest: Did he take you in the living room?

Housewife: Yes. He pushed me back onto the sofa and knelt between my legs, forcing his face between my legs. I felt his mouth on my . . . on my fanny and he pushed his tongue deep into me.

Quest: How did you react?

Housewife: I'd never done anything like that before. Kevin and I had never gone in for oral sex, but it felt so good. His big hands were kneading the inside of my thighs while his tongue was probing right into me, moving backwards and forwards between my bottom and my slit, working me up to a frenzy. I realised then I didn't care what the consequences were – I wanted to feel his stiff cock inside me. I wanted him to use me like I'd never been used before.

Quest: Did you reach orgasm?

Housewife: God, yes. I felt it building up inside me like a great wave, until it flooded through me. I just screamed and sank back onto the sofa. I was trembling and sobbing at the same time.

Quest: What happened then?

Housewife: He stood up and pulled me onto the floor so I was kneeling in front of him. Then he told me to unzip his fly and take his cock out. That's the word he used. I was trembling so much I could hardly control my fingers. When it was out he just stood there with his massive erection and told me it was his turn now.

Quest: Did you perform oral sex on him?

Housewife: Yes. As I said earlier it was my first time. I wasn't sure how to do it at first, but he grabbed my hair and forced it into my mouth. He told me to suck it and I soon worked out what felt good for him. I loved the feel of his hardness in my mouth as I knelt before him.

Quest: Did he climax?

Housewife: No. He trembled and groaned but pulled out in time.

Quest: Did you have actual sexual intercourse?

Housewife: Oh yes. He made me kneel on the sofa and told me he wanted to give it to me doggy style. I begged him not to do it on the sofa as it was velvet and would stain, but he just laughed. Then I felt him thrust his hardness deep into me. I was wet and ready for him, but it came as such a shock when he rammed it right in that I almost fainted. Then he moved in and out, pushing all the way in and pulling out until just the tip of it was rubbing against my slit. Then he built up faster and faster, pushing harder and harder until I could hardly breathe. His fingers were all over me, moving round the front to pinch and squeeze my breasts, then exploring my bottom. All the time he was going faster and faster.

Quest: Did you climax?

Housewife: Yes. I heard him grunting, then he climaxed inside me. I was on the pill so

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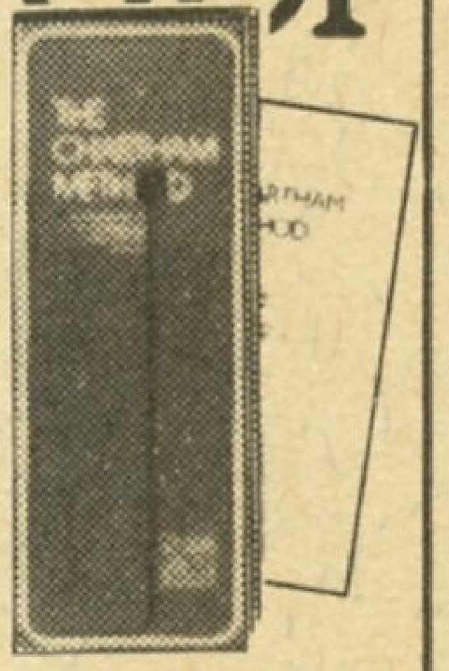

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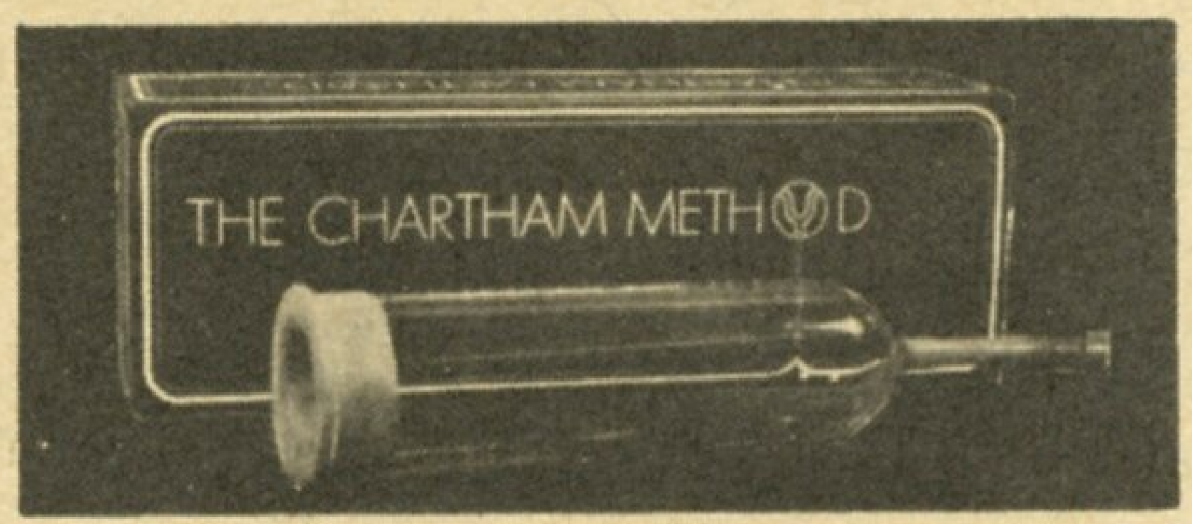

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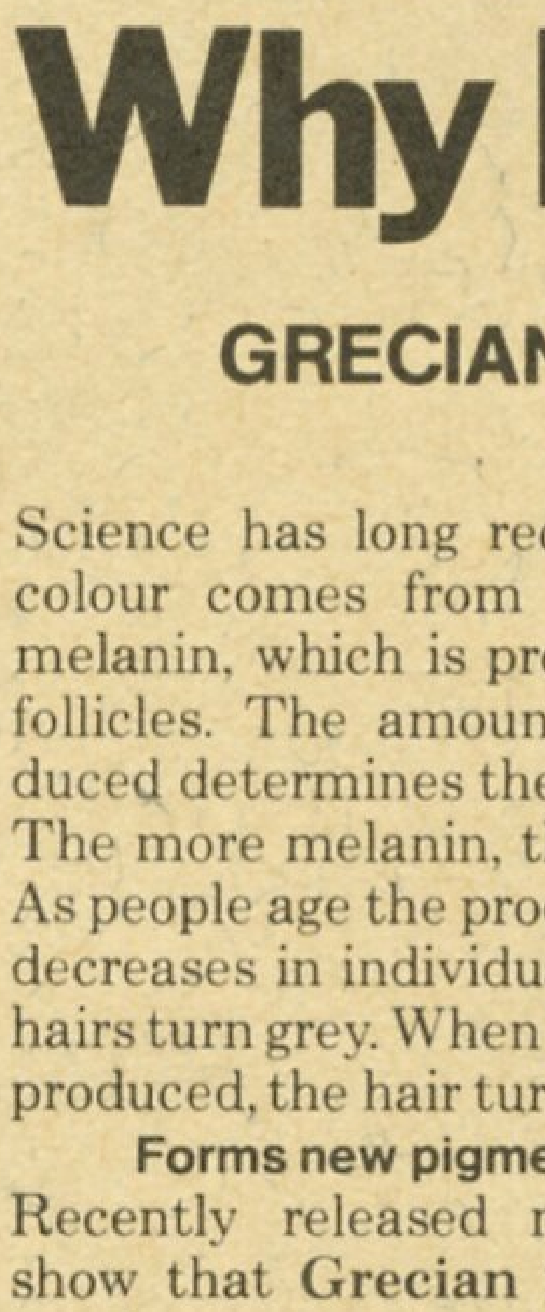
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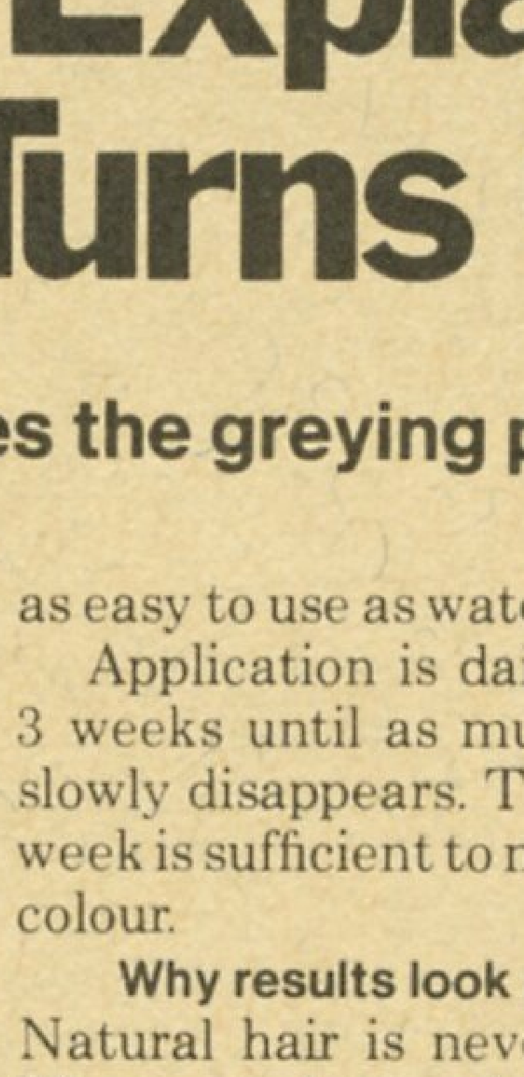
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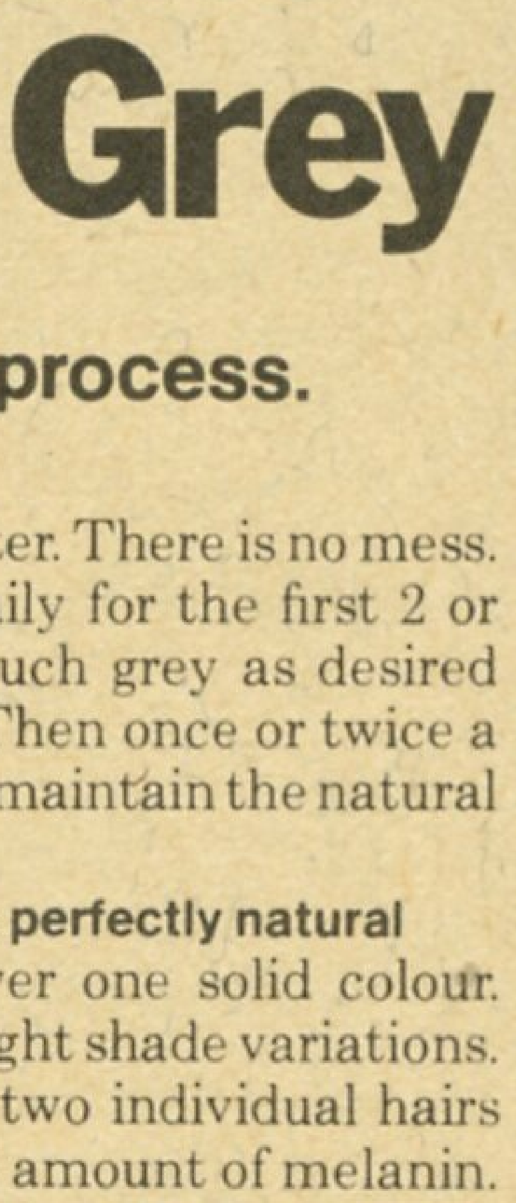
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it didn't matter, but at the time I just couldn't have cared less about anything like that. Then as I felt him climax in me I went over the top and reached a climax as well. I've never climaxed like that, before or since. I heard myself shouting, moaning and crying at the same time. Afterwards I just lay there sobbing.

Quest: What did Alan do?

Housewife: He thanked me and said he hoped I'd enjoyed it and to call him if I wanted more. I hid in the bedroom for the next couple of hours until he went, because I felt so guilty. I'll never be unfaithful to Kevin again, but I'll never forget that encounter as long as I live.

Quest: Thank you.

Two **Manageress, 37 years old, town of origin, Manchester**

This interviewee was divorced six years ago and lives on her own in a modern flat. She is manageress of the ladieswear section of a large department store.

Quest: Do you have a special relationship with anyone at the moment?

Manageress: I don't have a relationship at all with anyone at the moment. I had one long affair after my marriage broke up, but that ended when the guy had to choose between me or his wife. He said he wanted to leave her, but in the end it was me he left. I think his wallet came before his love life.

Quest: You sound bitter?

Manageress: I'm sorry. I didn't mean to.

Quest: Has there been anyone since?

Manageress: I haven't had a lasting, meaningful relationship with anyone else if that's what you mean, although there was my night of madness about ten months ago.

Quest: Madness?

Manageress: Well, I'd never have said I was the type for a one-night stand, but I rather surprised myself with Bob. I would think that it was within two hours of meeting that we'd gone all the way. And not only that, I tried out things I hadn't even thought about before. If you'd have said to me that I was going to meet a man and do all those things the same evening I'd have said you were mad.

Quest: Bit of a charmer was he?

Manageress: Charmer! You must be joking. If anything he was just the opposite. That's what makes the whole thing seem so silly.

Quest: Perhaps you were a little . . . how can I put it? Perhaps it had been a while since you'd been with a man?

Manageress: Frustrated – that's the word I think you wanted to say. Well who doesn't feel the need once in a while. You wouldn't be quite right if you didn't. And once you reach the wrong side of 35 you start asking yourself if you've still got what it takes.

Quest: Perhaps you wouldn't mind explaining how you met Bob.

Manageress: He just knocked on the door and stayed the night.

Quest: And you'd never met him before.

Manageress: That's right, but I was expecting him. You see, he's a colleague of my brother's. Well, more than a colleague – more like mates. And they're not exactly colleagues. They work for different firms, but often work together if you see what I mean.

Quest: I'm not sure I do.

Manageress: Colin – that's my brother – he works for a firm of architects in London and they deal a lot with one of the big building contractors, who Bob works for. They were working together on this big site near me so Colin asked if he could stay a couple of nights with me. Of course I love seeing him and he makes a bit on his expenses. But this time he asked if his mate Bob could come as well. The more the merrier, I said, so that was that. But on the night they're supposed to be coming Colin's wife goes into early labour and he didn't get round to telling me until later he couldn't make it.

Quest: Why didn't he tell his friend Bob either?

Manageress: Well Bob was working in a different part of the country and apparently there was no way of getting in touch with him.

Quest: So Bob just turned up?

Manageress: That's right. It was embarrassing, for both of us really. You see, I'd never met Bob before. We just sat there a bit awkwardly waiting for Colin to arrive.

Quest: What were your first impressions of Bob?

Manageress: He's about my age and he's what you'd call a very rugged looking man. It was obvious he'd come up the building trade the hard way and he was very, sort of, gruff.

Quest: What did you do?

Manageress: What else could I do. I offered him a drink, then another, and I must admit that did help break the ice a bit. I was a bit worried that dinner might spoil so I suggested we start without Colin. You should have seen him – it was almost as though he hadn't eaten for weeks. Then he put his feet up, lit a cigar and helped himself to another Scotch if you please. Although I said make yourself at home you don't really expect people to take you at your word, do you.

Quest: I suppose you were hoping Colin would arrive?

Manageress: I was and I wasn't. There was something a bit interesting about Bob. It's hard to put my finger on it. He was gruff, but very manly and when he first came through the door in his donkey jacket his shoulders almost brushed the door frame each side.

Quest: When did he make his first pass at you?

Manageress: I left him in the lounge while I started the washing up. Then the 'phone went and Bob answered it for me. I couldn't make out from Bob's grunts and yes's and no's who it could be, so when I heard the 'phone ping I asked who it was. 'It was a hospital,' said Bob. 'Oh my God,' I screamed, 'has Colin had an accident?' 'Calm yourself, love,' said Bob. 'They just left a message saying that Colin's wife has gone into early labour and Colin won't be able to make it tonight. Looks like it's just you and me then, eh?' I didn't like the look in his eye when he said that and then he moved towards me and said, 'I haven't said thank you properly for that superb dinner.' And with that he just planted a big kiss on my cheek. Well, that didn't really matter, but as he did it he sort of grabbed me by the hips and thrust his pelvis into mine.

Quest: What did you do?

Manageress: I didn't have much of a chance to do anything because Bob just released me and said, 'excuse me a moment, just got to pay a visit.'

Quest: How did you react after he'd left the room?

Manageress: I was all sort of flushed. I didn't know what to think. I suppose I enjoyed that bit of attention, but I was a bit shocked, you know. It was all so unexpected.

Quest: How did things develop from there?

Manageress: I got the shock of my life. When Bob came downstairs he was holding a pair of my stockings. But before I could say anything, he said, 'Jesus, these sort of stockings get me going – when someone's in them.' You see they were those dark stockings with a seam down the back. They came into the shop as a sample – we get quite a lot of underwear samples – and to be honest it gives me a bit of a kick to try them on in front of the mirror. Anyway, I said to Bob, 'where on earth did you find those? I thought I put them in the laundry basket.' 'No, they were just lying on top,' he said. 'Go on, slip them on. Let's have a look at you with them on.'

Quest: And did you?

Manageress: Not at first. I said 'certainly not,' but he kept going on about it saying that it would be no different from wearing any other stockings. So in the end I gave way.

Quest: But you didn't want to?

Manageress: I suppose all along I wanted to. What woman doesn't like giving a man a thrill with her body. It's just that I didn't think it was quite right. And I didn't much like the way he almost ordered me to do it. But in the end I took the stockings from him and went upstairs to put them on. I went into the bathroom and slipped off my pantie-tights and put them on. I hunted around in the laundry basket for a pair of knickers and suspenders but couldn't find any. So I opened the door to go to my bedroom for some, and standing almost at the top of the stairs was Bob. I nearly jumped out of my skin, I just didn't know what to do. I couldn't say that I didn't have any knickers on, so I just stood there rooted to the spot.

Quest: What did Bob do?

Manageress: He sat down on the top stair and told – not asked, mind you – told me to turn round slowly. I started to do this and I could feel my skirt brush against my hair and I could also feel myself start to throb.

Quest: Throb?

Manageress: It happens when I get excited. Apart from getting very damp down there, my, you know, crack where it gets a bit fleshy at the top goes sort of hard and throbs with my heart beat. I'm lucky I'm not a very hairy woman and I could now feel my clitoris rubbing against my skirt material. It was driving me mad. I knew something would have to be done about it. Pretending to hold my hands across my lap, I slipped a couple of fingers between the buttons of my denim skirt and started stroking it. By now my bottom was facing Bob and it excited me to know that he was getting turned on without realising that I was gently touching myself. He commented that my stockings were a bit wrinkled – which wasn't really surprising as I didn't have my suspenders on – and without any warning he put his hands under my skirt and pulled them up. Then he grabbed a hand round each thigh and spun me round so quickly I hardly had enough time to slide my fingers out.

Quest: What happened then?

Manageress: Bob said, 'what's all this then? No suspenders. I think I'd better take a closer look.' I said, 'don't,' but I knew I didn't mean it. Then Bob just grabbed each side of my skirt and pulled all the poppers apart at the front. And when he saw that I had nothing on underneath he nearly went berserk.

Quest: What did he do?

Manageress: His eyes almost popped out of his head, and then without giving me any choice he just grabbed my buttocks and pushed his mouth over my crack. He was like a frenzied animal. I suppose I didn't help much because I could feel myself start to come and I grabbed the back of Bob's head and pulled his face hard into my crotch as I thrust my hips backwards and forwards.

Quest: Did you have intercourse?

Manageress: Well, after I'd come Bob pushed me back on the floor and slid himself up me. And before I knew what was happening he was deep inside me and thrusting in and out. 'Not so fast,' I pleaded, 'take it easy,' but he kept going. Somehow I managed to slide down and wriggle free, and I said, 'come on, let's do things properly in the bedroom.' He grudgingly got up and took me to the bedroom where he started ripping off his clothes. I wanted him but I still had misgivings, although I couldn't see there was much point in worrying about it at this stage. Besides, after coming this far I had a feeling Bob wouldn't take no for an answer. I think he must have seen my hesitation because he said 'It's all right, love, I've been snipped.' He meant he'd had a vasectomy. So I undid my blouse and let my bra drop to the ground. Bob grabbed at my breasts and started kneading them so hard they hurt a bit. He then sucked them furiously, but not for long because he took my head in his hands and moved it down to his stiff tool. I didn't have any choice but to suck it as his massive hands moved my head back and forth. He didn't come because he asked me – to use his own choice words – if I was ready for it now. Without waiting for a reply he carried me to the bed, spread my legs and was pushing himself inside me again. This time I let myself go with it and I must have orgasmed twice before Bob came. I'll say one thing, he had staying power, as he seemed to be going for about ten minutes and then he came almost unexpectedly.

Quest: How long did he stay?

Manageress: The whole weekend.

Quest: And was he always so gruff and forceful?

Manageress: I'm afraid so. But I suppose underneath I must have enjoyed it.

Quest: Thank you.

Three **Accounts clerk, 18 years old, blonde, town of origin Goole**

This interviewee joined a small company in London after leaving school. She is a very petite, slim-framed girl.

Quest: Are you attracted to men who treat you roughly?

Clerk: No, not really. However, it is nice to feel secure with a man – I mean physically. It's hard for me to explain, but I'm quite small and when I've been out with a large – I don't mean fat – hunky man, I feel protected, that nothing is going to harm me.

Quest: So sophistication doesn't attract you?

Clerk: No, that's not what I was saying. I also enjoy being treated nicely and to have things done for you, doors opened and to be taken out for dinner.

Quest: Are you sexually experienced?

Clerk: I'd say I wasn't. I've only had a couple of boyfriends who I've let go all the way.

Quest: And what were they like?

Clerk: John was tough, but he wasn't physically big, we went to school together, and Phil worked as a driver for a firm of messengers. I remember being infatuated with Phil as he sometimes used to come into the office on a job – we used their firm as they were right across the road. One day he asked me out and we went to see a film, some boring science-fiction thing, and he offered to run me home as he had the use of the firm's van. On the way he stopped on Clapham Common and told me to climb through into the back. I said I couldn't do anything as I wasn't on the pill or anything, but he just started kissing me and fondling my breasts through my clothes. I didn't want to have sex with him but I couldn't stop him, he was already reaching up between my legs and running his fingers along my vagina. 'Get hold of my cock and play with it,' he said and I unzipped him and fished around in his underpants. He wasn't erect and I couldn't understand that as John seemed to be permanently erect and needed no encouragement. 'Suck it. Suck my cock,' he ordered and grabbed me by the hair and lowered my head until it was right in front of me.' I don't want to get pregnant,' I said. 'Well next time you are going to have to bring some precautions or get on the Pill, aren't you?' he told me, and then he said that he'd have to come between my breasts in that case. I managed to get him erect and he began to groan. 'Undo your blouse,' he ordered, 'and hoist your bra up.' I did as he asked and then he ordered me to squat on the floor, and in an Escort van that is pretty uncomfortable. He brought up his erection level with my breasts and had me leaning backwards. 'Now squeeze your tits around it,' he said and started moving. After a few minutes he came. It was awful. He hadn't even tried to get me excited or anything.

Quest: And after treatment like that you still went out with him, I don't understand that. Didn't you feel used, cheap?

Clerk: Immediately afterwards I did, but afterwards when he dropped me home he kissed me goodnight and said he'd call me the next day.

Quest: And did he?

Clerk: No, I didn't see him for a few weeks after that; but then he called and we started to see more of each other.

Quest: Did you continue to have sex?

Clerk: He used to have oral sex mostly which I liked until I plucked up the courage to go to the Family Planning Clinic and get onto the Pill.

Quest: How long did the relationship continue?

Clerk: Only for a month or two. He left the firm shortly afterwards so he wasn't around so much. In the end he got a girl into trouble and married her, all in the space of six months after me first going out with him.

Quest: Do you have a regular boyfriend now?

Clerk: Yes, and having said that earlier about big men, I have to eat my words because Graham's not a rowdy really, we have a quite normal relationship sexually.

Quest: But your escapade with Phil, wasn't the only time you've succumbed to rough treatment is it?

Clerk: You know it's not because I told you earlier. That was just a one off thing really though now it's a constant embarrassment everytime I pass him in the street. He looks me up and down and smirks. I'd find another job if I could but they don't grow on trees especially as I don't really have any qualifications.

Quest: Seems your 'O' levels are quite good though. Sorry for that.

Clerk: Oh, yes, I see what you mean.

Quest: Tell me about it.

Clerk: It was all Di's fault. We used to sometimes go across to the pub at lunchtime and Di was potty about Sam the barman. He was lovely though. He has this Elvis-style haircut and tattoos all over his arms. I could see why she liked him. She would drive the whole office potty with talk of him, how she'd let him do absolutely anything to her if he wanted.

Quest: Did this fellow show any interest in her?

Clerk: Oh we were all quite friendly. It's a quiet bar and we used to have long natters, but I got the impression that he wasn't as interested in her as she was in him.

Quest: Was Di good-looking?

Clerk: I never thought she was. She was really rather butch and big, if you know what I mean. The thing was though that she never had any lack of boyfriends – she used to sleep around a lot though. Things began to move very slowly with Sam and then one morning she came in and regaled all the girls in the office about what she and Sam had been up to the previous evening in the cellars.

Quest: And that was?

Clerk: She said that he'd invited her to look

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at the beer pumps because she was asking how it was piped up and when down there he'd stuck his hand right up her skirt without even a kiss or anything and how they'd both frigged each other until someone else coming downstairs for a crate of something had disturbed them. I could hardly believe it.

Quest: Why?

Clerk: I've got no proof, but I don't think it's common for people to discuss their sex lives so openly in front of work colleagues, is it. I mean you, you're different. I can talk to you.

Quest: Thank you. But how did you come to have sex with this barman?

Clerk: I was coming to that. I had to do some overtime to clear a backlog of paperwork one night shortly afterwards and it was about half past seven when I eventually got away. As I was walking to the bus stop I met Sam. We said hello and we started chatting. I was really intrigued whether Di had been telling the truth so I asked him straight out. 'Oh that,' he said, 'yes, she likes a bit of the slap and tickle.' 'Slap and tickle,' I said, 'sounds more like rough and tumble to me.' Sam thought that funny. 'If the truth be known,' he said, 'there are very few women in this world who don't like it that way. All women want is a throbbing cock between their legs, isn't that so?' Well, what can you say to someone with an attitude like that. A real chauvinist pig. 'What about you?' he asked me, 'would you fancy a bit of pork dagger?'

Quest: What was your reaction?

Clerk: It was at the stage then that I was treating it all as a bit of a joke, so I didn't say anything. We started to walk along and a little way down the alley he pulled me round – he was walking behind me – and lent down and started kissing me. At first I protested but then he had me by the hair and was holding my head. His tongue squirmed into my mouth and he began drawing all my breath away. 'I bet you're a better fuck than Di,' he said and before I could say anything he'd moved his right hand down to my bottom and was massaging my bum while still holding me by the hair with his other hand. It felt very sexy because if he'd wanted to rape me he could have – I couldn't have stopped him.

Quest: Not that you wanted to, did you?

Clerk: I did at first, but when he had his arms around me I felt so tiny and helpless; all the resistance inside of me subsided and I started to respond to him.

Quest: How?

Clerk: I don't know now. I suppose by kissing him back, that told him that it would be all right. He moved his hand round to the front and rucked up my dress and backed me against a wall. 'Not here,' I told him, 'somebody might see. Let's go to your place.' 'No one will see. Shut-up and stop complaining.' And with that he led me into the doorway of an office building. 'Undo me,' he ordered and I unzipped him and brought him out and began to rub my hand along its length. He moved his hand down between my legs and pushed over the material of my knickers and of course he then came up against my tights. He just grabbed them and forced a hole in them with his finger nail and ripped them apart. 'Tight pussy,' he told me. He started running his fingers along my crack but he found he couldn't get very far so he told me to pull my knickers and tights down. I didn't want to but I couldn't resist him and I moved away a little and started easing them down. He drew me to him again and moved his hand down yet again and started running his finger right along my crack – right round. Nobody had ever touched me there and I began to get scared so I asked him to stop. 'You don't want me to stop at all, do you really?' he sort of sneered, and there I was, pulled against him with my head on his chest. He felt so dominant and suddenly I felt very frail in his arms. Any last doubts I had melted; he was so firm I couldn't deny him. I didn't want to anymore.

Quest: So you had sex, there in the entrance to this building?

Clerk: It sounds so awful now I know, but at the time it didn't. He got me to face the wall and for a moment I thought he was going to do something disgusting with me but he just grabbed me by the hair again from behind and yanked my head to one side and ordered me to stick my botttom out. When I felt his tool edging its way between my legs I thought that I'd die. But then I felt the head start nuzzling against my lips and I reached down and guided him into me. There was no tenderness or anything between us. He edged himself in as far as he could go – I was very damp down there – and then pulled almost out only to push right back into me. I'd never had sex from behind before and he seemed to be filling me from new angles, stimulating parts of me that hadn't been touched before. I wanted to respond to him in some way, but I couldn't. He moved one hand round and managed to get it inside my bra and began tweaking and rubbing my nipples. I just wanted him to come by now, I could feel my orgasm building inside me and I knew I couldn't last much longer. It was lovely to be treated so – as nothing more than a sex object with no love, no feeling between us. When he was about to come he pulled my head up to him and planted a huge – and painful – bite on my neck where everyone would be able to see it next day. I felt him stiffen and a warm flood enter me.

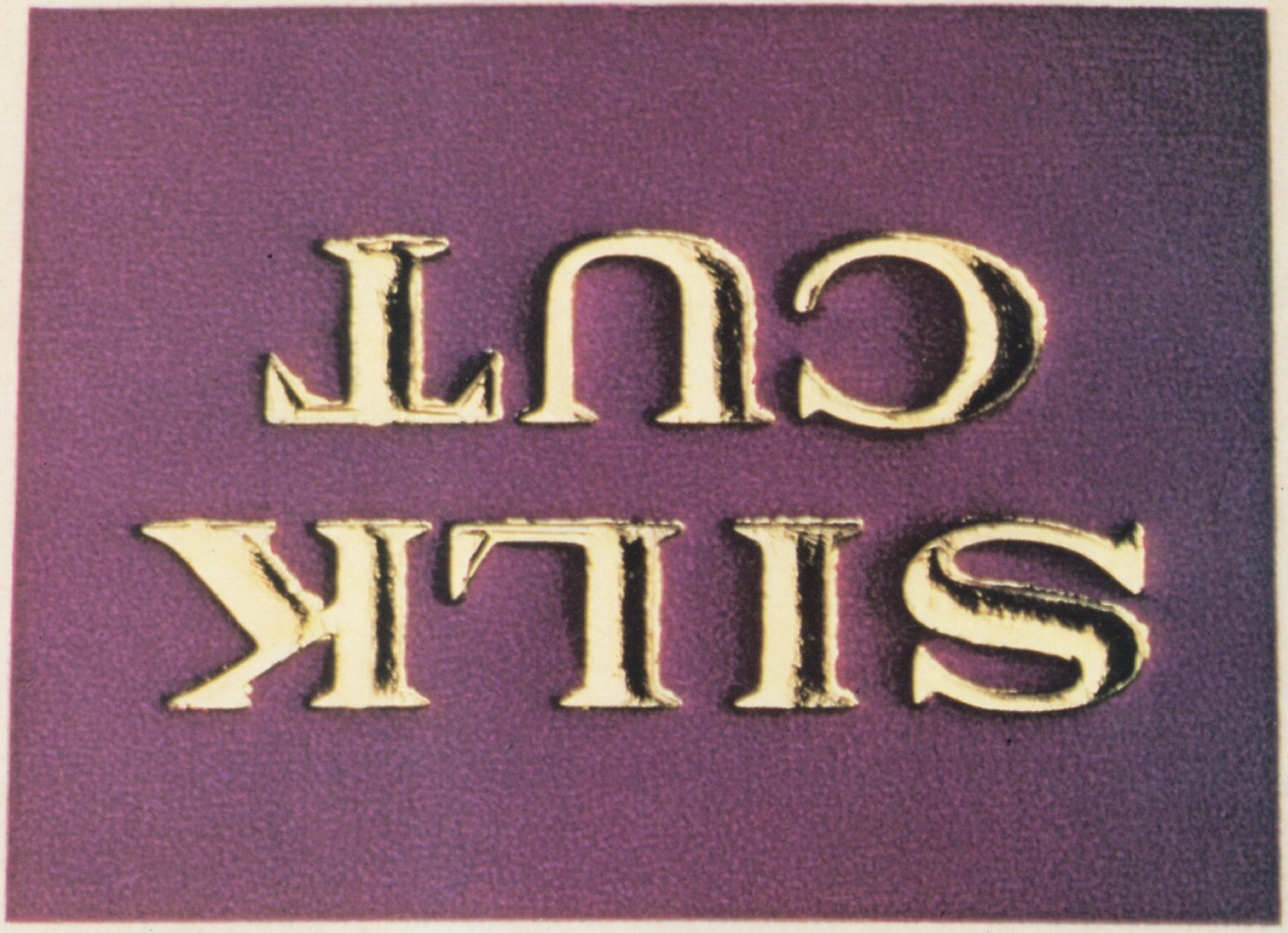
Quest: Did you feel guilty immediately afterwards?

Clerk: Only because after he pulled out of me he picked up my tights which had come off in the frantic goings on and wiped himself on them and stuffed them into his anorak pocket. 'There's something to tell the birds at your office tomorrow,' he said. That hurt probably more than anything because for me it hadn't been about that at all.

Quest: So you think you were intoxicated by his direct forceful attitude towards sex?

Clerk: Yes, under those circumstances. Perhaps it was a phase with me, but sometimes I wish that my boyfriend would be a little more dominant with me.

Quest: Thank you very much.



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DIANE

PHOTOGRAPHED BY DONALD MILNE

When we asked attractive Diane Allen to pose as our April showers covergirl, she laughed and said, 'That's appropriate, my sign of the zodiac is Pisces, the fish. But I don't want any corny jokes about me being a drip.' With a full 36–24–35 figure it is unlikely anyone would say that about our buxom blonde, who took time off from rehearsals with her amateur drama group to model for us.

Twenty-two-year old Diane is a keen member of an amateur dramatic group in her native Manchester and in their latest production she plays the female lead. 'It's only a light-hearted thriller, but it's great fun, and that's what counts,' she said. At one time Diane considered coming to London to study drama full-time, but decided she was not the type. 'They seem such an affected bunch of posers that I didn't bother. I just like getting up on stage and playing a part because it gives me a kick pretending to be somebody else. Anyway, I'd probably just end up being typecast as the dumb blonde with big boobs.' She has had many parts with her amateur group, once even playing the cat in the pantomime production of Puss in Boots, inside a fur skin.

When she is not on stage pretending to be somebody else, Diane is a waitress in a rather exclusive French restaurant where her bubbly personality and delightful sense of humour have made her a firm favourite with regular customers. 'I nearly got sacked once when a customer asked me what I thought of the *coq au vin*. I told him it was OK but I preferred to do it in bed. I know that was very cheeky, but it just slipped out before I could stop myself.' Luckily for Diane the customer, an important local businessman, roared with laughter. But she still got told off by the manager. Diane thinks it is important to have a sense of humour and always looks for that in her boyfriends.'I like to laugh with a man as well as make love.'

The Shrewsbury Horror

continued from page 50

the widespread adoption by the railway companies of steel in carriage body construction.

The trackwork was seriously damaged. The up platform line and up and down platform line had been virtually demolished for a distance of 140 yards.

One of the first rescuers to reach the scene was Driver Peter Adamson who helped to release the body of Driver Martin which lay wedged between the firebox and tender lap plate, covered in coal. Underneath the driver lay Fireman Fletcher, caught in the action of leaving the cab. Both were dead.

Some two feet away lay a third body, that of a man wearing patent leather shoes who was described by Adamson as having the appearance of a foreign sailor.

It was the proximity of this body to the dead crew which fostered a rumour that there had been a mysterious third person riding with the crew that night. A more mundane explanation was put forward by Inspector Yorke who concluded that the body, that of a man named Kelly, had been a passenger in one of the shattered carriages, thrown out during the impact.

Examination of the locomotive's controls revealed that the crew had made an attempt to stop the express. The brake handle was in the on position, the regulator was shut, and the screw reversing control gear was in full reverse.

It became apparent to the Inquiry that the driver and fireman had only realised the train's actual position after passing Crewe Bank Box, which was by that time too late.

From the evidence of the controls it seemed that they had nevertheless bravely fought to control the train by applying the brake and reversing the locomotive but had no time to make use of the rail-sanding gear as the sand boxes carried by No. 2052 were still nearly full.

The sudden realisation by the crew of their true position was borne out by witnesses who stated that the locomotive's whistle had not been used until after Crewe Bank Box, well inside the usual braking point for the junction signals.

What was so baffling was the undeniable fact that Martin, an experienced driver who had worked over the very same line constantly since 1903 and had worked the same train as recently as October 11 1907, should have so completely mistaken his whereabouts. Harlescott Crossing, three-quarters of a mile from Crewe Bank Box, was easily recognised, even from within the confines of the train, by the unmistakable sound made by the passage of the wheels over it.

Expert examination of the locomotive revealed that the steam regulator valve under the dome had not jammed open or fractured. A hydraulic test carried out on the boiler verified the soundness of its tubes and fusible plugs and disproved one theory put forward that the crew had been driven from the controls by a sudden rush of pressurised steam and scalding water, as would have occurred if a boiler tube had collapsed or fusible plug melted. All was in order apart from the glass of the boiler water level indicator gauge which had been broken.

To protect footplatemen from the danger of a shattered glass the device incorporated a failsafe which by the use of ball valves automatically staunched the jet of steam and water which would result from such a mishap.

It was not unknown for a valve, partially blocked by displaced boiler scale, to fail to act, and in such instances it was necessary to reach into the scalding mist using a coat or other garment for protection and close the control valves manually.

Martin was found to be severely scalded but it was of course impossible to determine whether all or part of these injuries had occurred as a result of the accident or before. It was conceivable that the glass had burst on the bank from Hadnal and had distracted attention from the rapidly approaching signals, but no one could be certain.

A theory that Martin had collapsed at the controls was disproved by an autopsy which had been undertaken at the Coroner's request by Christian Victor Bulstrode, surgeon to the Shrewsbury Police. His examination of the corpse revealed no malfunction and showed Martin to be of normal fitness for his years.

The flimsy carriages of the night mail express did not afford much protection to their occupants in the Shrewsbury crash in which eighteen people died.

Examination of the contents of Martin's stomach revealed a further mystery. Sir Thomas Stevenson, official analyst, found everything to be normal apart from one ounce of an unknown brown fluid which had no odour and defied satisfactory identification. But it contained no malt or spirituous liquor and firmly ruled out the theory that Martin had been intoxicated.

As no medical reason could be found to satisfactorily explain the disaster, the Inquiry investigated whether there had been some terrible lapse of duty by the station staff at Crewe who by neglecting to connect the vacuum system might have allowed the train to leave without any effective brakes.

However, a shunter confirmed that the shunting engine used in forming the train had actually used the vacuum brake during the operation.

What effectively discounted the theory that the brake had failed, was the complete absence of any whistling for braking assistance prior to Crewe Bank Box. A series of whistles would have attracted the guards' attention who, in response to the driver's request, would have applied the manually-operated handbrakes in the leading and rear brake vans of the train. The driver could have also slowed the train by applying the locomotive's steam brake and by application of the fireman's screw handbrake on the tender. The last option open to the driver was to reverse the engine, apply sand to the rails, and open the regulator, in effect working the engine against the train. This understandably imposed a terrific strain on the locomotive and was only adopted as a last resort.

It was the absence of whistling which made the affair so perplexing. Could it be that some mishap had occurred on the footplate during the train's journey from Crewe? But for some reason the Inquiry did not consider one possible explanation, the most frightening of all hazards to be faced on a steam locomotive.

'Blowback' was caused when the blast of escaping steam from the locomotive's cylinders, instead of escaping up the chimney, became deflected by some low structure such as an overbridge or tunnel roof. Being frustrated it sought an easier alternative route by escaping back along the boiler flues and out through the firebox. An unwary crew who had omitted to close the firebox door or taken other precautions risked being severely scalded or burnt.

An incident of this nature could have happened on that October night, overwhelming or forcing Martin and Fletcher from the cab. And of course the scalding and burning would be indistinguishable from that caused during the final impact. Such an explanation would also solve the mystery of why the signalman at Hadnal had seen no sign of the crew on the footplate.

Perhaps the Inquiry relied too implicitly on the safety afforded to the driver and fireman by the automatic cut-off action of the water gauge control valves which in practice could and did fail to work. An uncontrolled jet of high-pressure steam and water would have been sufficient to distract the crew's attention from the fast approaching signals of Shrewsbury.

However, the official verdict highlighted a failing which despite the innovation of safer equipment and operating procedures had remained unresolved by the railway companies.

At the turn of the present century railwaymen were expected to work duties which in the case of Martin and Fletcher could be anything up to 11½ hours in length. The rail unions were quite justly pressing for a reduction in working hours, not only for the well-being of their members but on the grounds of public safety.

Both Martin and Fletcher had worked the previous night and Martin had been out of bed for the whole of four out of the preceding five nights.

Lt-Col Yorke, knowledgeable of the long and unsatisfactory hours demanded of loco crews, speculated that Driver Martin and Fireman Fletcher had both lapsed into voluntary or involuntary sleep; or that Martin alone had dozed at his controls and the fireman, busy tending the boiler and unaware of the signals which were all sited on the driver's side, had failed to notice his partner's incapacity until Crewe Bank signals or Crewe Bank Box itself had been passed.

The conclusion had been arrived at by Lt-Col Yorke after the receipt of several letters from various retired locomotive drivers and doctors aware of the effect that long hours of continuous duties had upon the alertness of train crews.

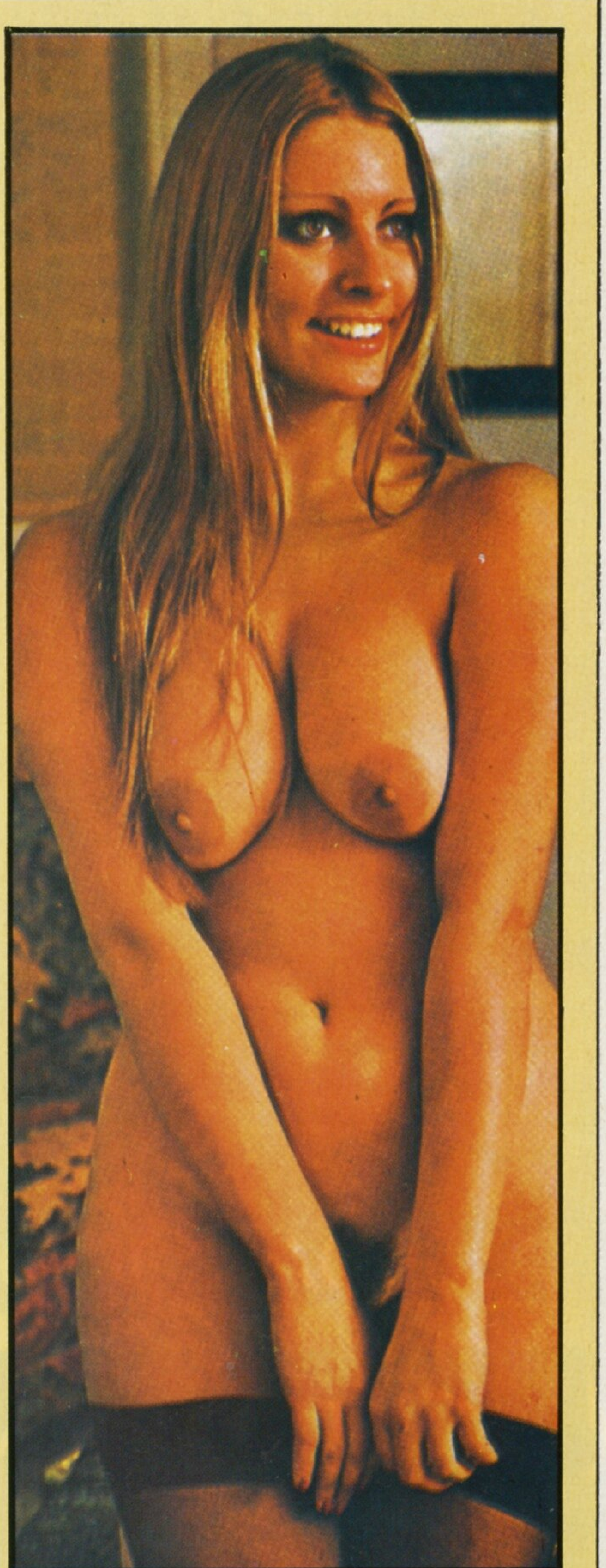
In concluding his lengthy and detailed report, Inspector Yorke alluded to similar instances of crews falling asleep at the controls which had been recognised as the cause of accidents on several American railroads.

This verdict would conveniently solve the mystery as it effectively provides a plausible cause. But the conclusion is far from satisfactory.

The scant and undoubtedly windswept cab possessed by No 2052 would not in this day and age of enclosed cabs and stuffy heating systems be considered to be conducive to slumber.

Inspector Yorke could not offer any proof to support his explanation which was after all only a plausible supposition made in the absence of any direct evidence to the contrary.

Unfortunately any hope of finding an answer to the puzzle of what really happened on the footplate of No 2052 on that fateful October night disappeared with the final gasps of Martin and Fletcher. The real cause of the Shrewsbury railway disaster is still open to question and it remains an unsolved if almost forgotten mystery to this day.



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LETTERS

continued from page 13

readers may agree that a couple's sex life falls into a regular pattern after a few years, and I suppose that we are no exception.

Each month *Mayfair* helps put a bit of spirit into our love-making, but over the last year or so my husband had been fantasising – not about him and other women, but about me and other men. At first I found it a little difficult, but I am learning to live with it since it obviously stimulates my husband.

A few weeks ago, however, fantasy turned into fact. I had been out shopping and arrived home at about midday. I had only been home a matter of minutes when the door bell rang. On opening it I found Alan (name changed) who used to live near us and with whom my husband and I were fairly friendly. Alan and his wife had moved away a few months earlier and as he happened to be nearby he decided to drop in.

As it was near lunchtime I offered him a beer and gave myself a gin and tonic. Our exchange of news flowed and we had another drink. I went to the kitchen to prepare a snack and Alan followed me.

Suddenly he came up behind me and cupped my breasts with his hands. I could feel his firm erection against my bottom. He turned me round and kissed me passionately. The effects of two gins and another man's passion caused me to respond and we necked for a little while, becoming more worked up. I should mention that I regard myself as attractive (five feet six inches and 35–24–36) and a good dresser.

Alan made it quite clear that he'd fancied me from afar for some time and he'd decided to do something about it. I remembered a grope with him at a party some time ago.

We moved from the kitchen and, somewhat surprised at myself, we gradually moved upstairs. All the time Alan was gently exploring my body. By the time we reached the bedroom I really had a moist fanny and I knew that if it came to it I could not say no.

Alan eased me out of my blouse and tight skirt, then took off my tights. I was down to just my matching bra and knickers. Then he unclipped my bra and brought my nipples to excited erection. He guided me to the bed and then proceeded to undress himself as I watched.

My wetness increased as he got down to his pants and I saw the tip of his erect tool. As he moved onto the bed I gently pulled back his foreskin and went down on him, my tongue flicking and licking along his length.

He pulled away after a while, not wanting to climax, and removed my pants. He then slipped his tool into me and I wrapped my legs around him. I can't remember ever feeling so excited, and Alan, moving gently in and out, brought me slowly but surely to an unforgettable climax. Then he climaxed a little after me which added to my frenzy.

Alan took me again within the hour, and lunch was forgotten. In fact, after we had dressed and calmed down a bit he wanted to do it again, and it needed all of my self-control not to agree.

Needless to say, my husband was really turned on that evening when we made love and I 'invented' my story. My problem now is that Alan has whetted my appetite and I'm hoping (at least I think I am) that it won't be too long before he calls round again. Whether I will be able to say no or whether it will be the same the second time around, only time and Alan can tell.

(Name and address withheld)

As an expatriate *Mayfair* addict, I should like to give you a picture of the field here in Switzerland where I have been working as a teacher for several years. Like other Britons here I have discovered that Swiss girls are not so quickly bedable as English ones. And it is an illusion that you can pick them up easily at winter resorts. Most of them go there with established boyfriends and have more sport with them under the sheets than on the skis.

I had to pay court to my first girlfriend here, Johanna (name changed), for seven weeks before she consented to accompany me to my flat one evening.

In the bedroom I had already taken off her dress when she

turn to page 112

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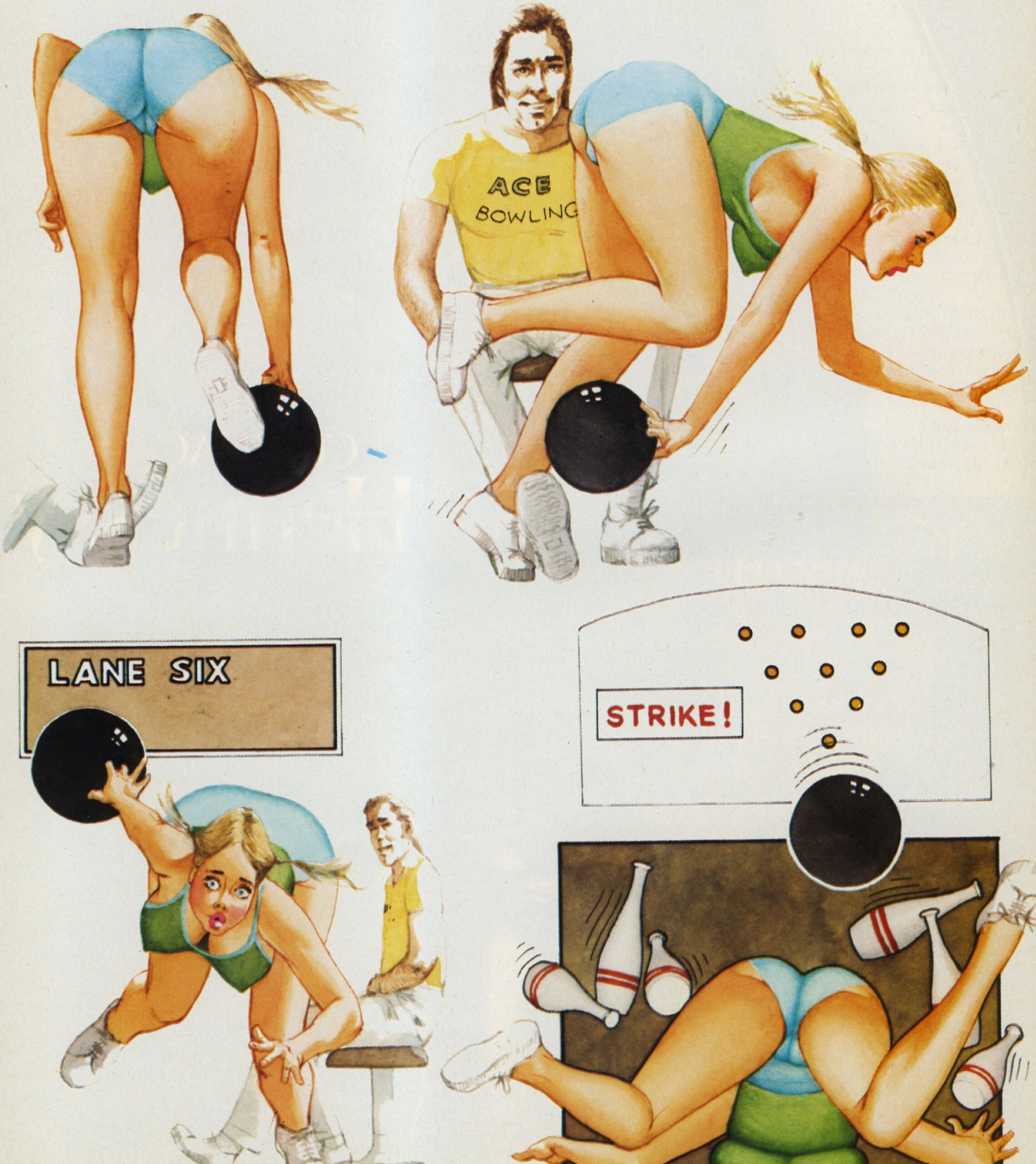
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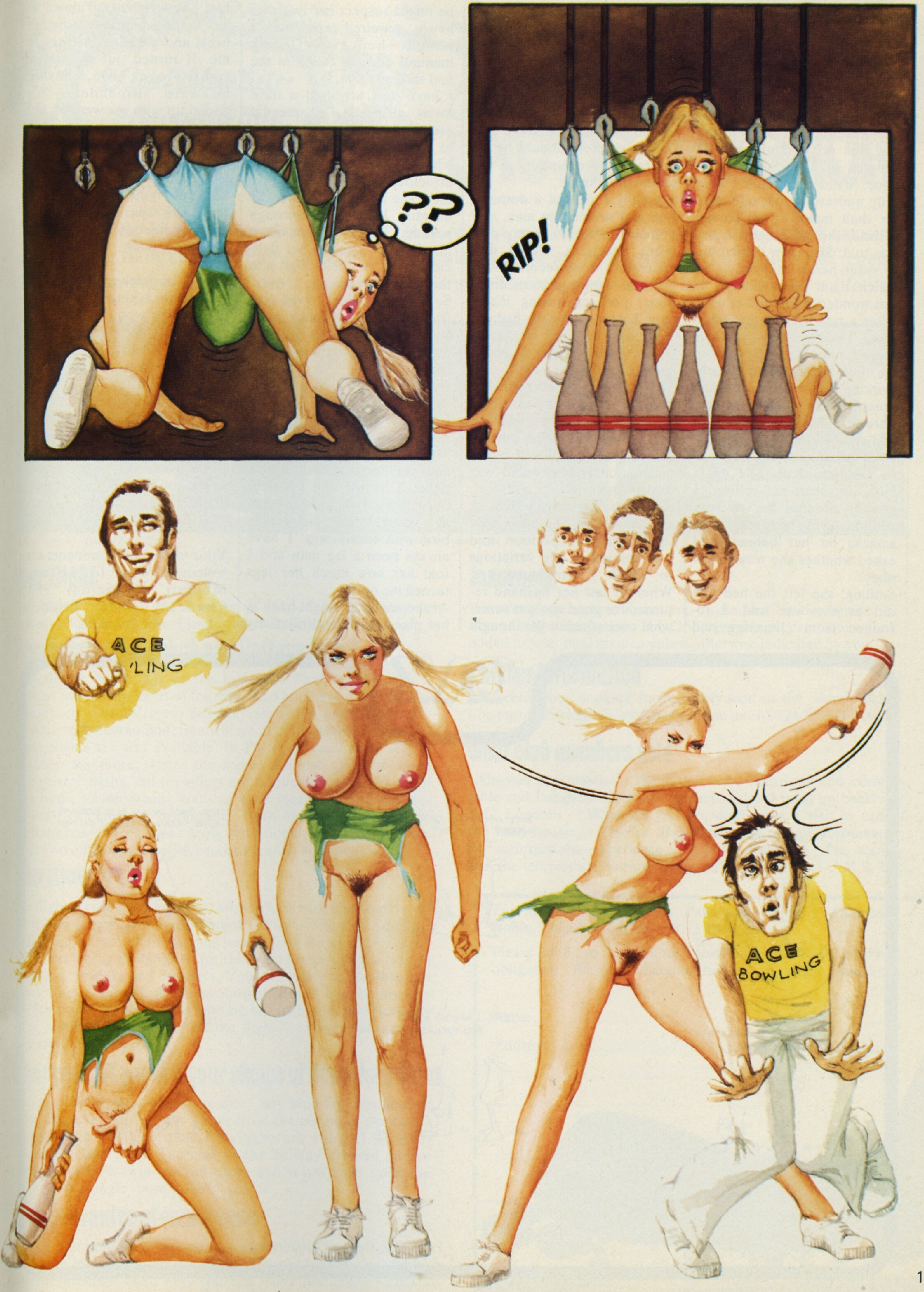

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RIP!
ACE
'LING
ACE
BOWLING

LETTERS

continued from page 108

suddenly began to cry, saying that she could not go on with it. That made me furious for she had told me earlier that she was no bashful virgin. I shouted at her: 'Stop this at once. Stand there until I have fully undressed you, and then we shall make love.' To my surprise she did exactly as she was told. She even helped me to enter her, a manoeuvre in which I am often clumsy. It was wonderful for both of us.

After a rest I felt enterprising again. I adore fellatio. A well-shaped nude kneeling before me, her red lips and tongue working on my cock while her breasts flail my thighs, is a taste of paradise for me. As I had grasped that she required strict handling, I ordered her to kiss my shaft. She again burst into tears and refused. I blandly ordered her to turn round, gave her ten juicy smacks on her behind, and asked whether she would now obey.

Smiling, she left the bed and did as she was told. I refrained from climaxing and penetrated her a second time. We had a happy two years together. Unfortunately she would not marry me as she could not bear the thought of settling in England to which I mean to return. But before we parted she introduced me to a friend, so there should be no unhealthy interruption in my sexual pleasures.

Basically I am not a domination and submission man, and I meant to return to my previous practices. But I discovered that my second Swiss girl also expected stern discipline, perhaps having learnt from Johanna how she had enjoyed her treatment by me. Of course I obliged and we had a splendid time for a year.

She was most enthusiastic about sex and on our third occasion in bed she told me why. She was married, but her husband was employed by an international charity and was sent abroad a lot.

She was terribly naïve in matters of sex. She knew only the missionary position and was amazed at the variations to which I introduced her. When at last her husband returned for good she was somewhat concerned at the thought he might suspect her over her newly acquired expertise. I bought her two Danish manuals and she told him she had studied them.

I have now acquired a third Swiss girlfriend, a splendid creature, and she too expects to be told what to do. Once when I complained about her atrocious flirting with other men, she replied: 'I was really naughty. I deserve a thorough pasting.' And she went down on all fours, sticking her delicious nude posterior high into the air for a beating.

So if you acquire a Swiss girlfriend you are a lucky man. But in my experience you must be willing and able to act the strong man.

R H, Zurich

I wonder if any other readers share my particular fetish? Most men find them unsexy and cumbersome, but I love tights. I am 24 and married, but it started about four years ago when I took out a nice bird with lovely legs. I have always been a leg man and I told her how much her legs turned me on.

At the end of the night back at her place I got the thrill of my life. She stripped off down to her tights, panties and high heels and paraded in front of me. It turned out she was a tights lover too, hating awkward suspenders. We ended up with me wearing her tights and giving her a good seeing to.

I still have those tights, hidden from my wife.

So could you please feature some girls wearing sheer tights and high heels in *Mayfair*.

P A, Merseyside

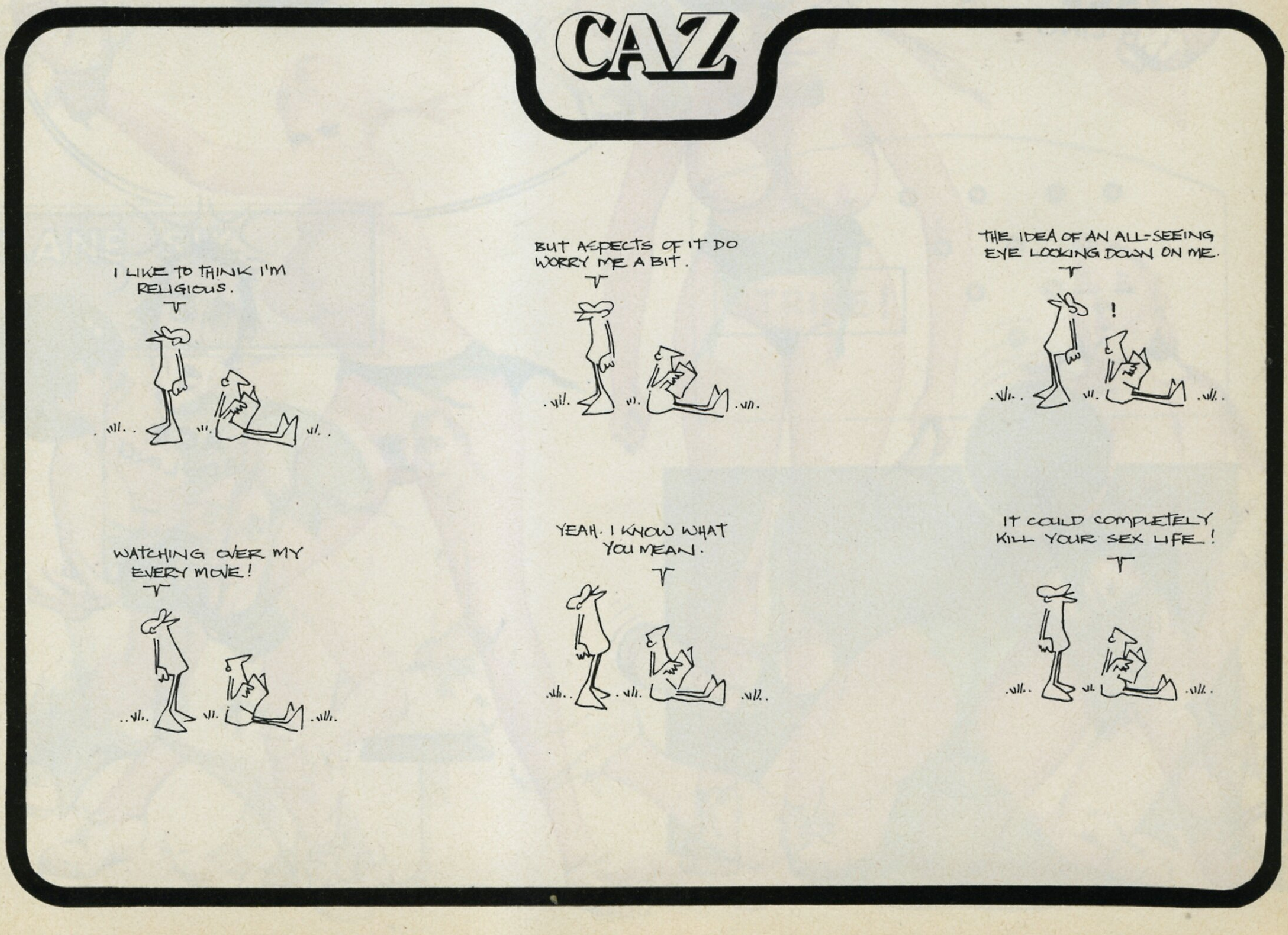
I have noticed several letters in *Mayfair* asking for features of muscular women.

Having a similar interest myself, I know there is an excellent though expensive periodical called *Women and Strength Periodical* – WASP, which is available from Box 443, HO-HO-KUS, NJ 07423, USA.

But it would still be preferable to see you feature an article on women body-builders.

W B, Barnet

Your views and comments are welcome. Write to 'Letters', Mayfair Magazine, 95A Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ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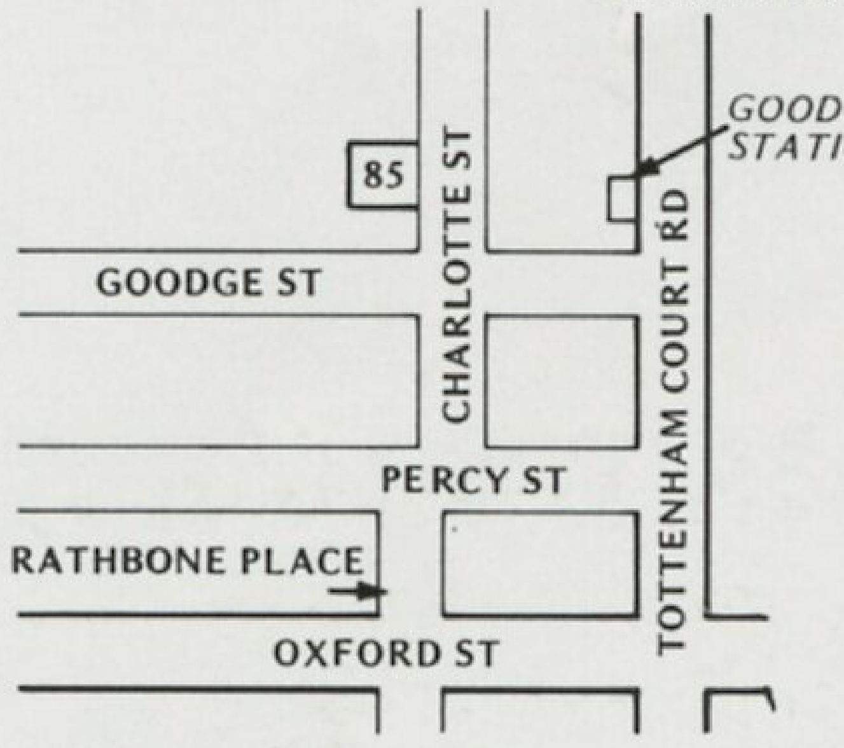

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